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Selections.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle

SELMA, Clark county, O. 11mo. '47.

Esteemed Editors: Two letters have been received from our beloved James and Lucretia Mott, which abundantly confirm the facts which you know, I hesitated to publish lest there might be some misunderstanding. After the reception of the first, I wrote to James, desiring permission to send some extracts to the Bugle, which I am permitted to do with great caution. He states explicitly that he had no idea of such use being made of them at the time of writing. But really I believe the period has come when the *abominations* in high places should be looked into by the common people, who will, it is to be hoped, yet exercise their sovereignty and learn to loathe the Juggernauts before whom they have bowed in ignorance, and by whose *secret machinations* their dearest rights are crushed, and their true manhood and individuality nearly destroyed. I know many in Ohio, as well as other sections of the land, will read with no ordinary interest their encounter with the Pharisees of Indiana Yearly Meeting. Verily I have drank largely of the bitter waters of sectarian intolerance, and can well appreciate the testimony of these dear apostles of an enlarged liberty. Heaven bless them! they are faithful heralds of the "good time coming."

After an interesting account of their journey, and of intercourse with "free spirits and noble hearts," in a number of localities after their arrival at Richmond, the letter proceeds:

"Having said this much of ourselves, I will give you a brief account of the Yearly Meeting—a few ruling spirits guide and direct the body. * * * * J. P. Plummer stated that he felt great sympathy for the situation of the Green Plain Monthly Meeting, in consequence of the rebellion that took place in that meeting some time since; those who rebelled had kept all the records, and it would be much labour for many years, &c. A committee was appointed who proposed that Green Plain Monthly Meeting appoint a judicious committee to call on all their members to know if they wished to be members, and if they did, to make a record of their names, and those who did not have their names recorded were to be considered as not members—minors to be placed with their parents. So you see they are going to make short work with you."

Here I would remark that in the separation among Friends in '28, the body termed Hicksites, believed the system of disownment practiced by the Orthodox to be ecclesiastical tyranny, yet *they* cheerfully allowed all minors to retain membership. In eighteen years this portion of the body assumes the ground of their opposers, and not only disowns all who will not bow to its dictation, but thrusts the innocent children out of the pale of their church. It is an old Grecian proverb, "Whom the gods intend to destroy they first *make blind*."

The letter proceeds:—"I will now give you an account of their bigotry, and an attempt of a few individuals to prevent our attending the Yearly Meeting. On first day morning five Friends called to see us, Amos Cook, Arnold Boone, Solomon Swiggett and wife, and Margaret Hutton. An interview took place in the parlour, a good many others present, among them Ruth Tomlinson, who spoke up manfully for us. Amos stated that we had been travelling and holding meetings contrary to the order of the Society, and thought we had better return home and obtain the approbation of our friends before travelling any farther or attending any more meetings. We told them where we had been, and what meetings we had attended, not omitting the Anti-Slavery ones, and Green Plain—that we felt at liberty to do so, and should attend any meetings as way opened—that we had a right by long custom to attend the Yearly Meeting, and should do so unless they would introduce the subject for its consideration, and if it should be the united judgment of the meeting that we should *not* attend, we might then withdraw.

"This plan did not suit them, and Solomon said, that if we attended we must *not say anything!*—This we told them was contrary to the practice of our Society and our profession, and we *should not* come under any such obligation, but should most certainly *speak out* whatever we believed it right to say. Finding this would not do, they said, how did they know we were members? To this we replied, they knew well enough we were members, that was only a subterfuge. Finding we were not disposed to bow to their dictation or give any place to them, they left us. While standing on the floor we told them, that if they had more *faith* in the truth and the right, they would not be so fearful of differing opinions, and would understand better what charity and toleration were toward those who differed from them. Much more was said, but the above was the substance. I think they felt rather smaller when they went away than when they came. It is due to Arnold Boone to say he only asked a question, the reply to which he said would, he had no doubt, set right a report Friends had heard, and which did. He has since been quite friendly to us.

"On 4th day after meeting we went to Dr. Plummer's, by previous invitation from his wife, who was formerly an intimate and loved acquaintance. Lucretia was then and had been all day suffering from indisposition and wished to consult the Doctor He was not at dinner, being engaged in his profession. After some time he came in, when Lucretia told him how she had been, and was, and if he could cure her she would willingly pay him as much as she would pay an Anti-Slavery lecturer, but that she did not know that she would follow all his prescriptions, as she was pretty independent. He *sat very still, looked very sober*, and I thought was considering what remedies to recommend. The room was full of Friends. At length he said in a tremulous voice, 'Lucretia, however my disposition might lead me to extend kindness and hospitality to my friends, such is my affliction on account of thy state of rebellion, that I do not feel that I can prescribe for thee.' Lucretia replied that she liked his honesty of expression, and would leave it to the Friends present to judge of the spirit. I arose and said to my Lucretia that we had better go, as it was evident we were not wanted there. Lucretia then said, she had supposed Sarah knew what she was doing when she invited us—that we would not willingly intrude on any one, she was glad he had given an exhibition of his feelings before these Friends who could judge of the spirit of both, or what spirit we are both of. Lucretia observed that before going she would say, that she was as much afflicted as he could be to see the spirit of intolerance that was among them, and at his *out door alteration* or addition to the minute of the Yearly Meeting, that made such havoc at Green Plain. To this he replied, that the statement of J. A. Dugdale as to that matter was not true. That it was done by the revising committee and sanctioned by the Yearly Meeting!! and that we had much to learn before we should have a right understanding of that business, to which I added, *they* had much to learn before they understood the rights of others. It is due the Doctor to say he offered to send Lucretia home in his carriage. The Doctor we are told says he felt great peace in being thus faithful. If such exhibitions of bigotry and intolerance and cruelty are evidences of Christianity, I desire to be a heathen. He is a tyrant, and if he had power would use it unmercifully. I told him the next day I considered his conduct *unfeeling* and *cruel*. He said he could now receive us at his house freely, but he will not soon have that pleasure."

I will take occasion here to add that up to this hour, I have never known a member of Indiana Yearly Meeting to assert that the revising committee committed that outrage upon us. Lucretia adds after a warm expression of love for dear friends here, "Ruth Tomlinson has been a friend in need to us. She felt it right to sit with us when that posse of Elders came to advise us to go home—she spoke her mind to them freely. She also rose in the select meeting on 4th day, after they denounced me, and said, "The prophets of the Lord have always been persecuted." Margaret Hutton, the clerk, has not taken Ruth's name on any appointment though offered more than once." (This is the old game you perceive.) "Do hold conferences and reform meetings. Yours for unlimited freedom.

L. M."

The following extracts are from the second letter, dated 10th mo. 20, 1847. "Third day morning after we returned to Richmond from Newport, soon after reaching there a lad called at Charles Starr's to inquire if we had got back, finding we had he soon brought the following note addressed to my wife:

The overseers of Whitewater Monthly Meeting are desirous of having a private interview with thee to-day, at any hour and place suitable for the occasion. Thou wilt therefore please to designate the time and place most agreeable to thyself. The little messenger will wait for a written reply. On behalf of men and women overseers,

MARY COALE,
JOHN V. PLUMMER,

10, 5, 1847.

"When this note was brought, my wife was lying down. I consulted her and returned the following answer:"

My wife is now lying down, but will see any one who may wish to call on her at or after 4 o'clock, *as friends*. If as overseers of Whitewater Monthly Meeting, she declines seeing them, not considering herself amenable to them. J. MOTT.

"We heard no more of them."

I wish you could read the interesting narrations they give of visits in different places, and how the people met with them and heard gladly the words they uttered, but I must conclude with the closing sentence. "The comforts of our own home never seemed more delightful and desirable, and we can with a hearty good will welcome many under our roof who have extended to us such unmeasured kindness. None stand higher and brighter in our remembrance than our dear friends at Green Plain, to whom our love flows in the fullness of Gospel fellowship."

I will remark that as these letters were not written for the public eye, if there is any part published which should not have been, the weight of censure must fall upon me, and right cheerfully will I bear it.

Yours in the labour of *uncovering* the hidden works of darkness.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

SPEECH OF MR. CLAY,

At the Mass Meeting in Lexington, (Ky.) on Saturday, November 13, 1847.

After the organization of the meeting, Mr. Clay rose and addressed it substantially as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The day is dark and gloomy, unsettled and uncertain, like the condition of our country in regard to the unnatural War with Mexico. The public mind is agitated and anxious, and is filled with serious apprehensions as to its indefinite continuance, and especially as to the consequences which its termination may bring forth, menacing the harmony, if not the existence, of our Union.

It is under these circumstances I present myself before you. No ordinary occasion would have drawn me from the retirement in which I live; but, while a single pulsation of the human heart remains, it should, if necessary, be dedicated to the service of one's country. And I have hoped that, although I am a private and humble citizen, an expression of the views and opinions I entertain, might form some little addition to the general stock of information, and afford a small assistance in delivering our country from the perils and dangers which surround it.

I have come here with no purpose to attempt to make a fine speech, or any ambitious oratorical display. I have brought with me no rhetorical bouquets to throw into this assemblage. In the circle of the year Autumn has come, and the season of flowers has passed away. In the progress of years, my Spring-time has gone by, and I too am in the Autumn of life, and feel the frost of old Age. My desire and aim are, to address you earnestly, calmly, seriously, and plainly, upon the grave and momentous subjects which have brought us together. And I am most solicitous that not a solitary word may fall from me, offensive to any party or person in the whole extent of the Union.

War, pestilence, and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and War, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and Famine, no doubt for wise, although inscrutable purpoaes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission, and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction, while they last, but society soon recovers from the effects. War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out its duration is indefinite and unknown—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure, in its losses and in its burdens, it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace. War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp, and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, from engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

We are informed by a statement, which is apparently correct, that the number of our countrymen slain in this lamentable Mexican War, although it has yet been of only eighteen months' existence, is equal to one half of the whole of the American loss during the seven years' war of the Revolution!—And I venture to assert that the expenditure of treasure which it has occasioned, when it shall come to be fairly ascertained and footed up, will be found to be more than half of the pecuniary cost of the War of our Independence. And this is the condition of the party whose arms have been every where and constantly victorious!

How did we unhappily get involved in this War? It was predicted as the consequence of the Annexation of Texas to the United States. If we had not annexed Texas, we should have had no War. The people were told that if that event happened, War would ensue. They were told that the War between Texas and Mexico had not been terminated by a treaty of peace; that Mexico still claimed Texas as a revolted province: and that, if we received Texas into our Union, we took along with her the War existing between her and Mexico. And the Minister of Mexico formally announced to the Government at Washington, that his nation would consider the Annexation of Texas to the United States as producing a state of war. But all this was denied by the partisans of Annexation. They insisted we should have no War, and even imputed to those who foretold it sinister motives for their groundless prediction.

But, notwithstanding, a state of virtual war necessarily resulted from the fact of annexation of one of the belligerents to the United States, actual hostilities might have been probably averted by prudence, moderation, and wise statesmanship. If General Taylor had been permitted to remain where his own good sense prompted him to believe he ought to remain, at the point of Corpus Christi; and if a negotiation had been opened with Mexico, in a true spirit of amity and conciliation, War possibly might have been prevented. But, instead of this pacific and moderate course, while Mr. Slidell was bending his way to Mexico, with his diplomatic credentials, Gen. Taylor was ordered to transport his cannon, and to plant them, in a warlike attitude, opposite to Matamoros, on the east bank of the Rio Bravo, within the very disputed territory, the adjustment of which was to be the object of Mr. Slidell's mission. What else could have transpired but a conflict of arms?

Thus the War commenced, and the President, after having produced it, appealed to Congress. A bill was prepared to raise fifty thousand volunteers, and in order to commit all who should vote for it, a preamble was inserted, falsely attributing the commencement of the war to the act of Mexico. I have no doubt of the patriotic motives of those who, after struggling to divest the bill of that flagrant error, found themselves constrained to vote for it. But I must say that no earthly consideration would have ever tempted or provoked me to vote for a bill, with a palpable falsehood stamped on its face. Almost idolizing truth, as I do, I never, never could have voted for that bill.

The exceptionable conduct of the Federal party, during the last British War, has excited an influence in the prosecution of the present war, and prevented a just discrimination between the two wars. That was a war of National defence, required for the vindication of the National rights and honour, and demanded by the indignant voice of the people. President Madison himself, I know, at first reluctantly and with great doubt and hesitation, brought himself to the conviction that it ought to be declared. A leading, and perhaps the most influential member of his Cabinet, (Mr. Gallatin,) was, up to the time of its declaration, opposed to it. But nothing could withstand the irresistible force of public sentiment. It was a just war, and its great object, as announced at the time, was, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," against the intolerable and oppressive acts of British power on the ocean. The justice of the war, far from being denied or controverted, was admitted by the Federal party, which only questioned it on considerations of policy. Being deliberately and constitutionally declared, it was, I think, their duty to have given to it their hearty co-operation. But the mass of them did not. They continued to oppose and thwart it, to discourage loans and enlistments, to deny the power of the General Government to march the militia beyond our limits, and to hold a Hartford Convention, which, whatever were its real objects, bore the aspect of seeking a dissolution of the Union itself.—They lost, and justly lost, the public confidence. But has not an apprehension of a similar fate, in a state of a case widely different, repressed a fearless expression of their real sentiments in some of our public men?

How totally variant is the present war!—This is no war of defence, but one unnecessary and of offensive aggression. It is Mexico that is defending her fire-sides, her castles and her altars, and no wonder if she does so. How different also is the conduct of the Whig party of the present day from that of the major part of the Federal party during the War of 1812! Far from interposing any obstacles to the prosecution of the War, if the Whigs in office are reproachable at all, it is for having lent too ready a facility to it, without careful examination into the objects of the War. And, out of office, who have rushed to the prosecution of the War with more ardor and alacrity than the Whigs? Whose hearts have bled more freely than those of the Whigs? Who have more occasion to mourn the loss of sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, than Whig parents, Whig wives and Whig brothers, in this deadly and unprofitable strife?

But the havoc of War is in progress, and the no less deplorable havoc of an inhospitable and pestilential climate. Without indulging in an unnecessary retrospect on the past, all hearts and heads should unite in the patriotic endeavor to bring it to a satisfactory close.—Is there no way that this can be done? Must we blindly continue the conflict without any visible object, or any prospect of a definite termination? This is the important subject upon which I desire to consult and to commune with you. Who, in this free government, is to decide upon the objects of a War, at its commencement, or at any time during its existence? Does the power belong to the Nation in the collective wisdom of the Nation in Congress assembled, or is it vested solely in a single functionary of the Government?

A declaration of War is the highest exercise of sovereignty. The Convention which framed our Federal Constitution, had learned from the pages of history that it had been often and greatly abused. It had seen that War had often been commenced upon the most trifling pretexts: that it had been frequently waged to establish or exclude a dynasty: to snatch a crown from the head of one potentate and place it upon the head of another; that it had often been prosecuted to promote alien and other interests than those of the nation whose chief had proclaimed it, as in the case of English wars on Hanoverian interests; and, in short, that such a vast and tremendous power ought not to be confided to the perilous exercise of one single man. The Convention, therefore, resolved to guard the War-making power against those abuses which its wisdom devised, was to vest the War-making power in the Congress of the United States, being the immediate representatives of the people and the States! So apprehensive and jealous was the Convention of its abuse in any other hands, that it interdicted the exercise of the power to any State in the Union, without consent of Congress. Congress, then, in our system of Government, is the sole depository of that tremendous power.

The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power to declare War, and grant letters of marque and reprisal, to make rules concerning captures on land and water, to raise and support armies, and provide and maintain a navy, and to make rules for the government of the land and naval forces. Thus we perceive that the principal power, in regard to War, with all its auxiliary attendants, is granted to Congress Whenever called upon to determine upon the solemn question of Peace or War, Congress must consider and deliberate and decide upon the motives, objects and causes of the war. And, if a war be commenced without any previous declaration of its objects, as in the case of the existing war with Mexico, Congress must necessarily possess the authority, at any time, to declare for what purposes it shall be farther prosecuted. If we suppose Congress does not possess the controlling authority attributed to it; if it be contended that a war having been once commenced, the President of the United States may direct it to the accomplishment of any objects he pleases, without consulting and without any regard to the will of Congress; the Convention will have utterly failed in guarding the Nation against the abuses and ambition of a single individual. Either Congress or the President must have the right of determining upon the objects for which a war shall be prosecuted. There is no other alternative. If the President possess it and may prosecute it for objects against the will of Congress, where is the difference between our Free Government and that of any other nation which may be governed by an absolute Czar, Emperor, or King?

Congress may omit, as it has omitted in the present war, to proclaim the objects for which it was commenced or has been since prosecuted, and in cases of such omission the President, being charged with the employment and direction of the national force is, necessarily, left to his own judgment to decide upon the objects, to the attainment of which that force shall be applied. But, whenever Congress shall think proper to declare, by some authentic act, for what purposes a war shall be commenced or continued, it is the duty of the President to apply the national force to the attainment of those purposes. In the instance of the act war with Great Britain, the act of Congress by which it was declared was preceded by a message of President Madison enumerating the wrongs and injuries of which we complained against Great Britain. That message, therefore, and without it the well known objects of the War, which was a war purely of defence, rendered it unnecessary that Congress should particularize, in the act, the specific objects for which it was proclaimed The whole world knew that it was a war waged for Free Trade and Sailor's Rights.

It may be urged that the President and Senate possess the treaty-making power, without any express limitation as to its exercise; that the natural and ordinary termination of a war is by a treaty of peace; and therefore, that the President and Senate must possess the power to decide what stipulations and conditions shall enter into such a treaty. But it is not more true that the President and Senate possess the treaty-making power, without limitation, than the Congress possess the war-making power, without restriction. These two powers then ought to be so interpreted as to reconcile the one with the other; and, in expounding the Constitution, we ought to keep constantly in view the nature and structure of our free Government, and especially the great object of the Convention in taking the war-making power out of the hands of a single man and placing it in the safer custody of the representatives of the whole nation. The desirable reconciliation between the two powers is effected by attributing to Congress the right to declare what shall be the objects of a war, and to the President the duty of endeavoring to obtain those objects by the direction of the national force by diplomacy.

I am broaching no new and speculative theory The statute-book of the United States is full of examples of prior declarations by Congress of the objects to be attained by negotiations with foreign powers, and the archieves of the Executive Department furnish abundant evidence of the accomplishment of those objects, or the attempt to accomplish them by subsequent negotiation. Prior to the declaration of the last War against Great Britain, in all the restrictive measures which Congress adopted, against the two great belligerent powers of Europe, clauses were inserted in the several acts establishing them, tendering to both or either of the belligerents the abolition of these restrictions if they would repeal their hostile Berlin and Milan Decrees and Orders in Council, operating against our commerce and navigation. And these acts of Congress were invariably communicated, through the Executive, by diplomatic notes, to France and Great Britain, as the basis upon which it was proposed to restore friendly intercourse with them. So after the termination of the War, various acts of Congress were passed, from time to time, offering to foreign powers the principle of reciprocity in the commerce and navigation of the United States with them. Out of these acts have sprung a class, and a large class of treaties (four or five of which were negotiated while I was in the Department of State), commonly called reciprocity treaties, concluded under all the Presidents from Mr. Madison to Mr. Van Buren, inclusive. And when, with regard to commercial treaties, negotiated with the sanction of prior acts of Congress, where they contained either appropriations, or were in conflict with unrepealed statues, it has been ever held as the republican doctrine, from Mr. Jay's treaty down to the present time, that the passage of acts of Congress was necessary to secure the execution of those treaties. If, in the matter of foreign commerce, in respect to which the power vested in Congress to regulate it, and the treaty-making power may be regarded as concurrent, Congress can previously decide the objects to which negotiation shall be applied, how much stronger is the case of War; the power to declare which is confided exclusively to Congress.

I conclude, therefore, Mr. President and fellow citizens, with entire confidence, that Congress has the right, either at the beginning or during the prosecution of any war, to decide the objects and purposes for which it was proclaimed, or for which it ought to be continued. And I think it is the duty of Congress, by some deliberate and authentic act, to declare for what objects the present war shall be longer prosecuted. I suppose the President would not hesitate to regulate his conduct by the pronounced will of Congress, and to employ the force and the diplomatic power of the nation to execute that will. But if, the President should decline or refuse to do so, and, in contempt of the supreme authority of Congress, should persevere in waging the war, for other objects than those proclaimed by Congress, then it would be the imperative duty of that body to vindicate its authority by the most stringent, and effectual, and appropriate measures. And if, on the contrary, the enemy should refuse to conclude a treaty, containing stipulations securing the objects designated by Congress, it would become the duty of the whole Government to prosecute the war, with all the national energy, until those objects were attained by a treaty of peace. There can be no insuperable difficulty in Congress making such an authoritative declaration. Let it resolve, simply, that the war shall or shall not be a war of conquest; and if a war of conquest, what is to be conquered. Should a resolution pass disclaiming the design of conquest, peace would follow in less than sixty days, if the President would conform to his constitutional duty.

Here, fellow citizens, I might pause, having indicated a mode by which the nation, through its accredited and legitimate representatives in Congress, can announce for what objects and purposes this war shall be longer prosecuted; and can thus let the whole people of the United States know for what end their blood is to be farther shed, and their treasure farther expended, instead of the knowledge of its being locked up and concealed in the bosom of one man. We should no longer perceive the objects of the war varying from time to time, according to the changing opinions of the Chief Magistrate charged with its prosecution. It is the privilege of the people, in their primitive assemblies, and of every private man, however humble, to express an opinion in regard to the purposes for which the war should be continued; and such an expression will receive just so much consideration and consequence as it is entitled to, and no more

Shall this war be prosecuted for the purpose of conquering and annexing Mexico, in all its boundless extent, to the United States?

I will not attribute to the President of the United States any such design; but I confess I have been shocked and alarmed by manifestations of it in various quarters. Of all the dangers and misfortunes which could befal this nation, I should regard that of its becoming a warlike and conquering power the most direful and fatal. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors, in the civilized world, were Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there was no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all. Cæsar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form. And that most extraordinary man, perhaps, in all history, after subjugating all continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals—seriously threatening, according to M. Thiers, proud Albion itself—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, and was made himself a wretched captive, and far removed from country, family, and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena. The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their Captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

That the power of the United States is competent to the conquest of Mexico is quite probable. But it could not be achieved without frightful carnage, dreadful sacrifices of human life, and the creation of an onerous national debt; nor could it be completely affected, in all probability, until after the lapse of many years. It would be necessary to occupy all its strongholds, to disarm its inhabitants, and to keep them in constant fear and subjection. To consummate the work, I presume that Standing Armies, not less than a hundred thousand men, would be necessary, to be kept perhaps always in the bosom of the country. These standing armies reveling in a foreign land, and accustomed to trample upon the liberties of a foreign people, at some distant day, might be fit and ready instruments, under the lead of some daring and unprincipled chieftain, to return to their country and prostrate the public liberty.

Supposing the conquest to be once made, what is to be done with it? It is to be governed, like Roman Provinces, by Proconsuls? Would it be compatible with the genius, character and safety of our free institution, to keep such a great country as Mexico, with a population of not less than nine millions, in a state of constant military subjection?

Shall it be annexed to the United States? Does any considerate man believe it possible that two such immense countries, with territories of nearly equal extent, with populations so incongruous, so different in race, in language, in religion and in laws, could be blended together in one harmonious mass, and happily governed by one authority? Murmurs, discontent, insurrections, rebellion would inevitably ensue, until the incompatible parts would be broken asunder, and possibly in the frightful struggle, our present glorious Union itself would be dissevered or dissolved. We ought not to forget the warning voice of all history, which teaches the difficulty of combining and consolidating together, conquering and conquered nations. After the lapse of eight hundred years, during which the Moors held the conquest of Spain, the indomitable Spanish race finally triumphed and expelled the African invaders from the Peninsula.—And even within our own time, the colossal power Napoleon, when at his loftiest hight, was incompetent to subdue and subjugate the proud Castilian and here in our own neighborhood Lower Canada, which near one hundred years ago, after the conclusion of the seven years' War, was ceded by France to Great Britain, remains a foreign land in the midst of the British provinces, foreign in feelings and attachment, and foreign in laws, language and religion. And what has been the fact with poor, gallant, generous and oppressed Ireland? Centuries have passed since the overbearing Saxon overrun and subdued the Emerald Isle. Rivers of Irish blood have flowed during the long and arduous contest, insurrection and rebellion have been the order of the day; and yet, up to this time, Ireland remains alien in feeling, affection and sympathy toward the power which has so long borne her down. Every Irishman hates, with a mortal hatred, his Saxon oppressor. Although there are great territorial differences between the condition of England and Ireland, as compared to that of the United States and Mexico, there are some points of striking resemblance between them. Both the Irish and the Mexicans are probably of the same Celtic race. Both the English and the Americans are of the same Saxon origin. The Catholic Religion predominates in both the former; the Protestant among both the latter. Religion has been the fruitful cause of dissatisfaction and discontent between the Irish and the English nations. Is there no reason to apprehend that it would become so between the people of the United States and those of Mexico, if they were united together? Why should we seek to interfere with them in their mode of worship of a common Saviour? We believe that they are wrong, especially in the exclusive character of their faith, and that we are right. They think that they are right and we are wrong. What other rule can there be than to leave the followers of each religion to their own solemn convictions of conscientious duty toward God? Who, but the great Arbiter of the Universe, can judge in such a question? For my own part, I sincerely believe and hope that those who belong to all the departments of the great Church of Christ, if, in truth and purity, they conform to the doctrines which they profess, will ultimately secure an abode in those regions of bliss which all aim finally to reach. I think that there is no potentate in Europe, whatever his religion may be, more enlightened, or at this moment so interesting as the liberal head of the Papal See.

But I suppose it to be impossible that those who favor the annexation of Mexico to the United States, can think that it ought to be perpetually governed by military sway. Certainly no votary of human liberty could deem it right that a violation should be perpetuated of the great principles of the revolution, according to which, laws ought not to be enacted and taxes ought not to be levied, without representation on the part of those who are to obey the one and pay the other. Then, Mexico is to participate in our councils and equally share in our legislation and government. But suppose she would not voluntarily choose representatives to the National Congress, is our soldiery to follow the electors to the ballot box, and by force to compell them, at the point of the bayonet, to deposit their ballot? And how are the nine million of Mexican people to be represented in the Congress of the United States of America and the Congress of the United States of the Republic of Mexico combined? Is every Mexican, without regard to color or caste, per capitum, to exercise the elective franchise? How is the quota of representation between the two Republics to be fixed? Where is their seat of common government to be established? And who can foresee or fortell, if Mexico voluntarily or by force, were to share in the common government, what would be the consequence to her or to us? Unprepared, as I fear her population yet is, for the practical enjoyment of self-government, and of habits, customs, language, laws and religion, so totally different from our own, we should present the revolting spectacle of a confused, distracted, and motly Government. We would have a Mexican Party, a Pacific Ocean Party, an Atlantic Party, in addition to the other Parties, which exist, or with which we are threatened, each striving to execute its own particular views and purposes, and reproaching the other with thwarting and disappointing them. The Mexican representation, in Congress, would probably form a separate and impenetrable corps, always ready to throw itself into the scale of any other party, to advance and promote Mexican interests. Such a state of things could not long endure. Those whom God and geography have pronounced should live asunder, could never be permanently and harmoniously united together.

Do we want for our own happiness or greatness the addition of Mexico to the existing Union of our States? If our population was too dense for our territory, and there was a difficulty in obtaining honorably the means of subsistence, there might be some excuse for an attempt to enlarge our dominions. But we have no such apology. We have already, in our glorious country, a vast and almost boundless territory. Beginning at the North, in the frozen regions of the British Provinces, it stretches thousands of miles along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mexican Gulf, until it almost reaches the Tropics. It extends to the Pacific Ocean, borders on those great inland seas, the Lakes, which separate us from the possessions of Gt. Britain, and it embraces the great father of rivers, from its uppermost source to the Balise, and the still longer Missouri, from its mouth to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. It comprehends the greatest variety of the richest soils, capable of almost all the productions of the earth, except tea and coffee and the spices, and it includes every variety of climate, which the heart could wish or desire. We have more than ten thousand millions of acres of waste and unsettled lands, enough for the subsistence of ten times the times our present population. Ought we not to be satisfied with such a country? Ought we not to be profoundly thankful to the Giver of all good things for such a vast and bountiful land? Is not the hight of ingratitude to Him, to seek, by war and conquest, indulging in a spirit of rapacity, to acquire other lands, the homes and habitations of a large portion of his common children? If we pursue the object of such a conquest, beside mortgaging the revenue and resources of this country for ages to come, in the form of an enormous National Debt, by an assumption of the sixty or seventy millions of the National Debt of Mexico. For I take it that nothing is more certain than that; if we obtain voluntarily or by conquest, a foreign nation, we acquire it with all the encumbrances attached to it. In my humble opinion, we are now bound, in honor and morality, to pay the just debt of Texas. And we should be equally bound, by the same obligations, to pay the debt of Mexico if it were annexed to the United States.

Of the possessions which appertain to man, in his collective or individual condition, none should be preserved and cherished with more sedulous and unremitting care than that of an unsullied character. It is impossible to estimate it too highly in society when attached to each individual, nor can it be exaggerated or too greatly magnified in a nation. Those who lose or are indifferent to it become just objects of contempt and scorn. Of all the abominable transactions which sully the pages of history, none exceed in enormity that of the dismemberment and partition of Poland by the Continental Powers—Russia, Austria and Prussia. Ages may pass away, and centuries roll around, but as long as human records endure, all mankind will unite in execrating the rapacious and detestable deed. That was accomplished by overwhelming force, and the unfortunate existence of fatal dissensions and divisions in the bosom of Poland. Let us avoid affixing to our name and national character a similar, if not a worse stigma. I am afraid that we do not now stand well in the opinion of other parts of Christendom. Repudiation has brought upon us much reproach. All the nations, I apprehend, look upon us in the prosecution of the present war, as being actuated by a spirit of rapacity, and an inordinate desire for territorial aggrandizement. Let us not forfeit altogether their good opinion. Let us command their applause by a noble exercise of forbearance and justice. In the elevated station which we hold, we can safely afford to practice the God-like virtues of moderation and magnanimity. The long series of glorious triumphs, achieved by our gallant commanders and their brave armies, unattended by a single reverse, justify us, without the least danger of tarnishing the national honor, in disinterestedly holding out the olive branch of peace. We want not the mines, the mountains the morasses, and the sterile lands of Mexico. To her the loss of them would be humiliating, and be a perpetual source of regret and mortification. To us they might prove a fatal acquisition, producing distraction, dissention, division, probably disunion. Let, therefore, the integrity of the national existence and national territory of Mexico remain undisturbed. For one I desire to see no part of her territory torn from her by war. Some of our people have placed their hearts upon the acquisition of the Bay of San Francisco in Upper California. To us, as a great maritime power, it might prove to be of advantage hereafter in respect to our commercial and navigating interests. To Mexico, which can never be a great maritime power, it can never be of much advantage. If we can obtain it by fair purchase, with a just equivalent, I should be happy to see it so acquired As, whenever the war ceases, Mexico ought to be required to pay the debts due our citizens, perhaps an equivalent for that Bay may be found in that debt, our Government assuming to pay to our citizens whatever portion of it may be applied to that object. But it should form no motive in the prosecution of the war, which I would not continue a solitary hour for the sake of that harbor.

But what, it will be asked, shall we make peace without any indemnity for the expenses of the war? If the published documents in relation to the late negotiations between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners be true, and I have not seen them anywhere contradicted, the Executive properly waived any demand of indemnity for the expenses of the war. And the rupture of that negotiation was produced, by our Government insisting upon a cession from Mexico, of the strip of mostly barren land between the Nueces and the Rio Bravo and New Mexico, which Mexico refused to make. So that we are now fighting, if not for the conquest of all Mexico, as intimated in some quarters, for that narrow strip, and for the barren province of New-Mexico, with its few miserable mines. We bought all the province of Louisiana for fifteen millions of dollars, and it is, in my opinion, worth more than all of Mexico together. We bought Florida at five millions of dollars, and a hard bargain it was, since, beside that sum, we gave up the boundary of the Rio Bravo, to which I think we were entitled, as the western limit of the Province of Louisiana, and were restricted to that of the Sabine. And we are now, if not seeking the conquest of all Mexico, to continue this war indefinitely for the inconsiderable objects to which I have just referred.

But, it will be repeated, are we to have no indemnity for the expenses of the war?—Mexico is utterly unable to make us any pecuniary indemnity, if the justice of the war on our part entitled us to demand it. Her country has been laid waste, her cities burned or occupied by our troops, her means so exhausted that she is unable to pay her own armies. And every day's prosecution of the War, while it would augment the amount of our indemnity, would lessen the ability of Mexico to pay it. We have seen, however, that there is another form in which we are to demand indemnity. It is to be territorial indemnity. I hope, for reasons already stated, that that firebrand will not be brought into our country.

Among the resolutions, which it is my intention to present for your consideration, at the conclusion of this address, one proposes in your behalf and mine, to disavow, in the most positive manner, any desire, on our part, to acquire any foreign territory whatever, for the purpose of introducing slavery into it—I do not know that any citizen of the United States entertains such a wish. But such a motive has often been imputed to the Slave States, and I therefore think it necessary to notice it on this occasion. My opinions on the subject of slavery are well known. They have the merit, if it be one, of consistency, uniformity, and long duration. I have ever regarded slavery as a great evil, a wrong, for the present, I fear, an irremediable wrong to its unfortunate victims. I should rejoice if not a single slave breathed the air or was within the limits of our country. But here they are, to be dealt with as well as we can, with a due consideration of all circumstances affecting the security, safety and happiness of both races. Every State has the supreme, uncontrolled and exclusive power to decide for itself whether slavery shall cease or continue within its limits, without any exterior intervention from any quarter. In States, where the slaves outnumber the whites, as is the case with several, the blacks could not be emancipated and invested with all the rights of freemen, without becoming the governing race in those States.

Collisions and conflicts, between the two races, would be inevitable, and, after shocking scenes of rapine and carnage, the extinction or expulsion of the blacks would certainly take place. In the State of Kentucky, near fifty years ago, I thought the proportion of slaves, in comparison with the whites, was so inconsiderable that we might safely adopt a system of gradual emancipation that would ultimately eradicate this evil in our state. That system was totally differently from the immediate abolition of Slavery, for which the party of the Abolitionists of the present day contend. Whether they have intended or not, it is my calm and deliberate belief, that they have done incalculable mischief even to the very cause which they espoused, to say nothing of the discord which has been produced between different parts of the Union. According to the system we attempted near the close of the last century, all slaves in being were to remain such, but all who might be born subsequent to a specified day, were to become free at the age of twenty-eight, and during their service were to be taught to read write and cypher. Thus, instead of being thrown upon the community, ignorant and unprepared, as would be the case by immediate emancipation, they would have entered upon the possession of their freedom, capable in some degree, of enjoying it. After a hard struggle, the system was defeated, and I regret it extremely, for if it had then been adopted, our State would be now nearly rid of that reproach.

Since that epoch, a scheme of unmixed benevolence has sprung up, which, if it had existed at that time, would have obviated one of the greatest objections, which was made to gradual emancipation, which was the continuance of the emancipated slaves to abide among us. That scheme is the American Colonization Society. About twenty-eight years ago a few individuals, myself among them, met together in the city of Washington, and laid the foundation of that Society. It has gone on amid extraordinary difficulties and trials, sustaining itself almost

poses and objects so declared by Congress, it would be the duty of the Government to prosecute the war with the utmost vigour, until they were attained by a treaty of peace.

5. Resolved, That we view with serious alarm, and are utterly opposed to any purpose of annexing Mexico to the United States, in any mode, and especially by conquest; that we believe the two nations could not be happily governed by one common authority, owing to their great difference of race, law, language and religion, and the vast extent of their respective territories, and large amount of their respective populations; that such a union, against the consent of the exasperated Mexican people, could only be effected and preserved by large standing armies, and the constant application of military force—in other words, by despotic sway exercised over the Mexican people, in the first instance, but which, there would be just cause to apprehend, might, in process of time, be extended over the people of the United States. That we deprecate, therefore, such a union, as wholly incompatible with the genius of our Government, and with the character of free and liberal institutions; and we anxiously hope that each nation may be left in the undisturbed possession of its own laws, language, cherished religion and territory, to pursue its own happiness, according to what it may deem best for itself.

6. Resolved, That, considering the series of splendid and brilliant victories achieved by our brave armies and their gallant commanders, during the war with Mexico, unattended by a single reverse, the United States, without any danger of their honour suffering the slightest tarnish, can practice the virtues and magnanimity toward their discomfited foe. We have no desire for the dismemberment of the United States of the Republic of Mexico, but wish only a just and proper fixation of the limits of Texas.

7. Resolved, That we do, positively and emphatically, disclaim and disavow any wish or desire, on our part, to acquire any foreign territory whatever, for the purpose of propagating Slavery, or of introducing slaves from the United States, into such foreign territory.

8. Resolved, That we invite our fellow-citizens of the United States, who are anxious for the restoration of the blessings of peace, or, if the existing war shall continue to be prosecuted, are desirous that its purposes and objects shall be defined and known; who are anxious to avert present and future peril, and dangers, with which it may be fraught, and who are also anxious to produce contentment and satisfaction at home, and to elevate the national character abroad, to assemble together in their respective communities, and to express their views, feelings, and opinions.

After reading the resolutions and handing them to the Secretary, Mr. Clay concluded by apologizing for the length of time which he had trespassed upon the meeting, and thanking the ladies and gentlemen, most cordially, for the honour done him by their attendance, on this occasion, and the profound attention with which they had listened to him.

The Congregational Journal (Concord, N. H.) translates the following address to the French Parliament, from the last number of the "Annals of the African Society."

PETITION OF THE LADIES OF PARIS FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

GENTLEMEN:—Although women should not take any part in political affairs, they are permitted, without doubt, to interest themselves in a question of religion and humanity. In England a petition signed by six hundred thousand women, was presented to Queen Victoria, to hasten the day for the complete emancipation of the blacks; we would not be behind our English sisters; we would not yield to them either in devotion to the holy laws of the Gospel, or in charity for the unfortunate.

Permit us, then, to raise our voice in behalf of the slave, and especially of the female slave of our colonies; for if *man* is miserable in a state of Slavery, *woman* is more so. She has lost all that constituted the dignity of her sex, and it is hardly possible to accord to her the name of woman; a name which you have learned to respect, Gentlemen, in the person of your mothers, your wives, your daughters, and your sisters. Nothing is more sad to rehearse, than the history of the life of a negress in our colonies; and we are compelled to soften some of the traits to be able for a few moments to contemplate it.

As soon as the young girl is able to participate in the labours of the plantation, she is conducted there under the whip of the overseer, who spares her no more than he does the others. There is no pity, there is no respect for the childhood of the female sex; and that, notwithstanding childhood was deemed worthy of respect even among the heathen. The best which it can hope is to be given as a plaything to the children of the master, and to serve their caprices; happy in the profound abasement, to enjoy the lot of a domestic animal. This young girl receives neither moral nor religious instruction.—France has ordained, it is true, that religion shall be seriously taught to the children of slaves; but she has never been obeyed. More than one hundred and sixty years have passed since the first articles of the Black Code were trodden under foot, according to the confession of the planters themselves, who make the violation of the law the means of postponing every measure for emancipation. The new ordinances have changed nothing; for the strength of circumstances is stronger than the will of the legislator. Between Christianity and Slavery no concord is possible. When the child of the negro becomes a Christian, he ought to be liberated; or rather he already is, because he has a conscience.

Thus, for this young child religion is nothing but a vain word; and her soul, of which her master has no need for the cultivation of his plantation, is as though it were not. The unhappy child grows up, always bending under the yoke, expiating the least fault by the shameful punishment of the lash. Without support for the present, and without hope for the future, she grows up, alas! and years do nothing but expose her to the most painful outrages. We would not raise the veil which covers the horrid picture.—The deeds which are committed without shame and without restraint in our colonies, thought shudders to approach. You know them, Gentlemen; the whole world testifies to them; the planters even boast of them. We will only say these immoralities are the inevitable consequence of the right of property in man. In the colonies as in the East, a female who is bought and paid for, a female slave, has nothing which belongs to her, whatever restrictions are established by the legislator. We will say yet farther, that this young girl, made subservient to the passions of her master, is often liable to excite the jealous passions of her mistress; so that doubly unfortunate, she can neither protect herself from being debased, nor from being abused for her debasement!

The name of wife, the most dignified and holy for woman after that of Christian, this young girl can never bear. What is marriage to them, whilst they are slaves? In other words, what is a woman who belongs to her master rather than to her husband? And what are the children, who are not the father's, but under the good pleasure of the planter whose property he himself is? We have the most entire conviction, Gentlemen, that when France introduced into her laws the words, *the marriage of slaves*, she wrote an impossibility and nonsense.—There was a generous thought; but it must necessarily end in cruel mockery.

A female slave becomes a mother: that which, in another condition is the dearest and most precious gift, is converted for the slave into a new source of bitterness and grief; and how often have these unhappy ones been known to stifle at their birth the beings whom they would spare the burden of a life like their own! Hardly has he arrived at the age to be valuable in the market, (what horrible words we are obliged to write!) when this child will, perhaps, be snatched from the arms of its mother.

In the colonies the master can do everything.—His property, man, is as subject to the chances of commerce as his cattle and real estate. He does whatever he pleases with him; and to be arraigned before a court of justice he must commit crimes so atrocious that the magistrate dare not close his eyes to them. Still does he not most frequently endure a punishment merely derisive, and is it not perplexing to decide whether the wrong of so light a penalty is not greater than that of the outrage itself which it is proposed to punish? The mother cries out and weeps, when her child is wrested from her; but what does it avail? The voice of blood, the voice of God, the sacred and inviolable bonds of the family, all must yield before the right of the master. The first violation of the laws of Providence drags a thousand others after it. It is a fatal chain, which will fall in pieces, if one seriously attempts to break a ring of it. Unhappy mother, suppress the murmurs of your heart, and conceal your tears. If your master shall see you weeping too much and too long, who knows that he will not accuse you of rebellion, and for the sake of example, judge it necessary to tear your body in pieces by the blows of the whip, before all the people, in order to efface the traces of your tears in your blood? And then why do you weep? Your son will not be whipped, your daughter will not be dishonoured, before your eyes; and now that they are far from you, you will at least be permitted to abandon yourself to the pleasant illusion, that they do not suffer all which you have to suffer.

This woman grows old in labour, and suffering age comes to deliver her from the wrongful compliances imposed upon her; but it makes around her a sad solitude. No husband—no children. She drags herself along, till her hands, feeble from old age, refuse to perform their accustomed task. At last she dies, and goes to bear witness to God of the life, which human beings, who call themselves the disciples of Christ, made her live.

What can we add, Gentlemen, to this mournful recital? All which we have told you is true, is entirely true. Now, lay your hands upon your consciences; ask your heart, ask yourselves, what religion, justice, humanity, and national honour, demand, and pronounce it? You are the representatives of a nation peculiarly Christian, of this generous France. In addressing an appeal to your sentiments of humanity and justice, we have the assurance of being heard. We do not speak of the financial, commercial, and industrial questions connected with the emancipation of the slaves; they do not belong to our province, and they will find judges more enlightened than ourselves. Our sole mission was to bring succour to the sacredness of misfortune. We have done our duty; we hope, Gentlemen, you will do yours.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1847.

Free Trade with India—Great Meeting in London—Speech of George Thompson.

We mentioned, in last week's paper, having received by the Acadia a copy of the London Mercury of October 30th, containing a report of a great meeting in London, of which, and its object, we proceed to give some account. The whole report is too long to copy into our columns.

The last number of the Liberator contains a letter upon the same subject from Robert Smith, of London, the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery League, from which we learn that the agitation of the question of Free Trade with India, as a means for the abolition of Slavery, is to be vigorously agitated by that body. From the well-known zeal and activity of the persons who compose the League, we may confidently hope for a renewed interest in the question of anti-slavery on the part of the British public, and for the most efficient aid to the cause on this side of the Atlantic. And should those who are the leaders in this movement have, as they expect, the co-operation of the men who so speedily and triumphantly carried the abolition of the Corn Laws, and should this be pushed with the same vigour as that great cause, the importance of its influence upon the system of Slavery in this country, cannot be overrated. The people of Great Britain, when thoroughly aroused to the necessity of any measure, spare neither time nor money to gain the object in view, and with so able an advocate of this cause, as George Thompson in Parliament, and zealous and active backers out of it, we may expect the happiest results. Our Anti-Slavery friends abroad, efficient as the aid and sympathy has been, which they have extended to the Abolitionists of this country, have needed some tangible point to present to their own countrymen to arouse them to greater activity in the slaves' behalf. We shall be disappointed if they do not find it in the question of Free Trade with India.

The object of this movement is the amelioration of the wretched condition of the population of India, by developing the great resources of that country. An appeal is herein made not only to the humanity of the people of Great Britain, but to their interests also; if, indeed, we may make a distinction, in a case, where their humanity for their countrymen at home, and their fellow-subjects abroad, is so intimately connected with the interests of all parties. Free Trade with India will open an immense market for the productions of that country, to be exchanged for the manufactures of Great Britain. The production of the raw material of cotton alone, for which the manufacturers must now depend upon America, would affect most extensively the industry of the natives of India, while that industry, in developing new wants and increasing, in various ways, the productive powers of the people, would give a new impulse to trade at home, and create a steady demand for the thousands of operatives who now starve for the want of work. And when America can no longer find a market for cotton in England, the production of which is now almost the sole cause of the value of Slavery, if she will not be ready, at once, to rid herself of the infernal system, we may, at least, calculate with certainty upon its speedy annihilation. In the older and more northern slave States of this Union, Slavery now exists because slaves are chiefly valuable, not as producers of any of the products of the soil, but as producers of that Vigintial crop of men and women, who are worked up on the cotton plantations of the Southwestern States. This internal slave-trade was already losing its value by an overstock in the market, when a new impetus was given it by the Annexation of Texas. The conquest of Mexico is for the same purpose. Cut off the cotton trade, and the slaves become valueless. The same cause would produce the same result upon the Foreign Slave Trade, and Slavery in Brazil. An increased production of sugars would have a similar effect upon Slavery in the West India Islands.

The British India Society was formed in 1839. Its first and only Anniversary was held in 1840, immediately after the so-called World's Convention, which delegates from this country went in search of, but never found. That meeting was addressed by O'Connell, Geo. Thompson, Garrison, Joseph Pease, Wendell Phillips, and other distinguished advocates of the Anti-Slavey cause.

Phillips on that occasion offered the following resolution:

"That the development of the resources of British India is calculated to produce important moral and social effects both on the people of the British West Indies and on those of the United States of America; on the former by supplying the deficient quantity of sugar required for the consumption of England and thereby confirming and securing the salutary effects of the act of Emancipation; and on the latter by enabling the free grown cotton of India successfully to compete with the cotton of America, and thereby leading to the natural and peaceful extinction of Transatlantic Slavery."

The agitation of the question of justice to India, however, yielded precedence to the Anti-Corn Law movement. But a solemn covenant, it is said, was entered into, between the leading men of both movements, that their efforts should be united upon the former, when the latter had been brought to a successful issue. One cause has been triumphantly carried through, and the other is now recommenced. One cogent reason why the present movement is deemed an auspicious one for resuming the agitation, is the return of Geo. Thompson to Parliament.

It has been resolved to hold a series of meetings, at once, throughout the country, and the first is that, the report of which is before us. It was held among Mr. Thompson's constituents of the Tower Hamlets, and was addressed by several distinguished men, as well as himself. Francis Curnac Brown, Esq. presided, and opened the meeting by a short but pertinent speech, and introduced Mr. Thompson. We make such extracts from his speech as we can find room for, and will give a clear view of the whole subject:—

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. M.P. rose, and was enthusiastically greeted: he said, I have sought this opportunity that I may lay before you my views on a question of paramount importance to the interests of this country and of the empire at large. You have done me the honour to elect me as one of your representatives in the Parliament of England, and I consider, therefore, that it is my duty to put you in possession of my opinions on a subject which will occupy the chief portion of my attention in the Legislature, and which I intend to agitate, as I have time and strength, both indoors and out, until it is appreciated, as I think it ought to be, by the people generally (cheers). I do not doubt, that when I have concluded, you will share my convictions respecting the vital importance of the question I am about to discuss, and that you will not only cheerfully consent to my devoting myself to its advocacy, but be ready also to lend me your best co-operation (cheers). I therefore ask your candid and serious attention. I ask that you will weigh deliberately the facts, the statistics, and the arguments I shall adduce, and that you will vote for nothing, the propriety and truth of which I do not fully and most satisfactorily establish (cheers). The topic on which I have to address you this evening is—"Free trade with India, in relation to the condition and prospects of this country." This text might seem to limit the discussion to matters connected with India and England, and to the results accruing to those countries exclusively from an extension of their commercial intercourse. The subject, however, as I think I shall be able to demonstrate, embraces another result, namely, the achievement of the overthrow of slavery and the slave-trade,—an effect following upon the attainment of the former object. A few words about slavery will bring me naturally to the subject which has been announced, and enable you also to trace out for yourselves the inevitable effect of which I have spoken. In the United States of America, a country boasting its declaration of independence, its doctrines of equality, its free political institutions, its love of universal liberty, its educated and enlightened population, its numerous ecclesiastical bodies untrammelled by State connection, its efforts for the diffusion of the scriptures, and its many and powerful organizations for promulgating the faith of the gospel throughout the world—every sixth man, woman, and child is a SLAVE (shame). Sixteen millions of free men have banded themselves together to hold in hopeless bondage three millions of their fellow creatures (hear). A similar number of slaves are found in the empire of Brazil. Spain holds another million in her colonies. France and Holland participate in the crime in their colonies. We turn to Africa. Notwithstanding the abolition of the slave-trade with Africa, by England and the United States, simultaneously in the year 1808, a thousand human beings are every day, either slaughtered in their own villages, or die in their way from the interior to the coast, or, expiring in the middle passage, are thrown into the deep; or living to reach the port, are sold in the slave-market, to be worked to death on the coffee and sugar plantations of Cuba and Brazil. The statistics of this system inform us that from eight to nine millions are in bondage, and that Africa is robbed of a thousand of her children every day! Such are slavery and the slave-trade, as carried on by nominally Christian nations, in Europe and America at the present time. (Cries of shame, and great sensation.) The object of this address is not to characterize slavery, or to dwell upon its peculiar features in the various countries where it exists, but to point out *the remedy* as a consequence flowing from a certain measure. Let me nevertheless observe, that I do not underrate the value and necessity of the measures hitherto employed in the cause of abolition; still less do I desire to see them discontinued. They are all, save those which imply force, useful, and partially efficacious. But, besides these antidotes, which are of a purely moral and religious character, there is a remedy at hand, at once simple, direct, easy, peaceful, omnipotent, and infallible—a remedy capable of immediate application—a remedy possessed by England, and by no other—a remedy which, if resorted to, will be found unattended by aught that is exceptionable—a remedy, fraught with blessings far beyond even the extinction of slavery and the slave trade (cheers). This remedy is no discovery of yesterday. For eight or nine years there have been a few persons in this country who, having taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts relating to the history, condition, and resources of the vast empire which Great Britain has obtained in the East, have been convinced that it was eminently practicable, by one and the same peaceful process, to achieve a greater triumph in the cause of freedom and humanity, and confer more extensive and permanent blessings, of a temporal nature, on the world, than were ever before placed within the limits of human power and human accomplishment. They are still convinced that England possesses within herself, aided by the resources of her matchless Asiatic empire, the means of utterly abolishing the African slave trade; of giving freedom to every slave in the islands and on the continent of America; of raising from depression and ruin millions of her conquered Hindoo subjects; and of augmenting indefinitely her home manufacturing, trading, and maratime prosperity (cheers).

Passing to the origin of negro slavery, and asserting that the enslavement of seven millions of the African race, and the horrors and atrocities of the Slave-Trade, are founded upon the desire to realize the profits arising from the growth and sale of sugar, coffee, cotton, rice, and tobacco, and that Slavery would cease, when the demand for these—from Slave-Countries—should cease, he proceeded, after complimenting the chairman as to the author of a Pamphlet upon which he depended for many of the facts which he should present to his audience:

Seventy years ago, the colonies of America struck a decisive blow for political freedom and national independence. After a bloody struggle, they achieved their object; they saw the last of the King's troops quit their shores; and, under a general government of their own, and a Constitution adopted in a Congress of the States, became the "United States of America." The early settlers of Virginia had introduced negro slaves for the cultivation of their plantations, and before the declaration of independence slavery had extended itself over the whole of the colonies. On the separation of the States from the mother country, the Northern and Eastern republics gave liberty to their slaves. The Constitution adopted by the States gave no power to the federal government to abolish slavery: and the Southern States still continued to maintain the system. The principal exports of these States were tobacco and rice. So great, however, was the difficulty, as early as 1784, of finding remunerative employment for the small number of slaves there then were, that the masters, to save themselves from ruin, deliberated upon the propriety of setting all the slaves they possessed at liberty. (hear, hear.)—How stood matters in England at this period? Prior to the existence of the East India Company the clothing of the people of England had been chiefly wollen, and the manufacturers of the North of England enjoyed the chief part of the trade. Great was the outcry when the cloths, the muslins, the silks, and the nankeens of India and China came into competition with the home manufactures of Lancashire. At length, however, the manufacture of cotton goods sprung up; the East India Company supplied the raw material. Had England existed as a manufacturing nation 2,000 years before, and had the means of reaching India been known, and the riches and capacity of the country understood, raw cotton in any quantity might have been obtained from a soil and a people where cotton has been grown and manufactured for 3,000 years, and whose cloths have been the wonder of the world and the boast of the people by whom they were fabricated.—Now behold the revivifying effect of this new branch of English manufacture upon the system of Slavery in the United States of America. The East India Company were masters of the resources of a country which is the natural home of the cotton plant. For reasons which I shall not now particularize, they had not brought to this island a supply sufficient to meet the growing demand. An experiment had been made on the shores of South Carolina to cultivate a few cotton trees from seeds introduced from one of the W. I. Islands. On the 20th of January, 1785, a single bag of this cotton was landed on the wharf at Liverpool. That was a fatal day for the cause of human liberty. The sample was approved, and orders were given to send all of the same quality that could be raised. Time, however, was wanting; and, therefore, in 1786, the total export of cotton from the United States of America was only 900 pounds. In England, ingenuity and enterprise and capital were embarked in the manufacture of cotton goods; and in America similar qualities were soon engaged to turn the labour of the slaves to profitable account, and to develop the resources of a territory illimitable in its extent. The race thus commenced has continued down to the present hour.

In 1760 Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny; Arkwright soon after introduced the spinning-frame; Crompton, in 1779, combined the two and called it the mule. In 1785, the year I am now speaking of, Watt brought the steam-engine to that perfect state for acting which made it profitable. Cartwright afterwards invented the power-loom. Sixty years only have elapsed since this career on the part of these two great countries begun. At home, contemporaneously with the ever-increasing consumption of cotton goods by our own people, the export of cotton goods has advanced, until it has exceeded the mighty value of £25,000,000 *sterling* per annum; being almost half the amount of the entire exports of the United Kingdom. Not less than £70,000,000 of the British capital is invested in the cotton trade of this country; more than two millions of our population depend on this trade for employment; and consequently for the means of subsistence (hear.) "The truth is," says the able editor of the *Economist*, "that there is nothing, except food itself, which is of such material consequence to the well-being of this country, as an abundant supply of cotton; forming, as it does, the basis of so large a portion of our commerce, and of the employment of our workpeople." (hear, hear.) "On the supply of raw cotton," says the *Times*, "does it absolutely depend whether the population of Lancashire shall or shall not be reduced to the state of the population of Cork. The cotton plantations of New Orleans feed the inhabitants of Manchester, as directly as the potato fields of Mayo or Galway feed or starve the peasants of Connaught." Thus, in sixty years, has this single branch of British manufactures become of vital national importance. It is interwoven with all that relates to the employment of our population, of our capital, and of our shipping; and all that relates to our credit, our solvency, and our domestic peace, contentment, and security. Its rapid growth is wonderful; its magnitude is stupeadous; and its connection with all that is precious and important in the country is so close and inseparable, that the boldest and most far-seeing minds in the community cannot contemplate any serious vicissitude befalling it without the utmost alarm and terror (hear, hear).

It was to supply England with the raw material for this branch of her manufactures that the planters of America, in 1786, turned their attention and energies to cotton cultivation. A new era commenced. All thoughts of giving emancipation to the slaves ceased; for they became suddenly valuable as human beasts of burden on the plantation, or as stock to raise, by natural increase, the thousands of their kind required to cultivate this new article of produce (hear). There was a rush from the worn-out and profitless soils of the older States to the new and virgin soils beyond. The vast Valley of the Mississippi, and the extensive Peninsula of Florida, presented a boundless field for enterprise, and the profitable employment of slave labour; and thither those who scrupled not to amass riches by violence and Slavery betook themselves. Washington became the emporium of the domestic slave trade, and New Orleans the slave market of the South. The demand for cotton wool in England closed the gates of mercy on the bondmen of America; it quenched the hopes of the friends of humanity; it inflamed the love of Mammon in the breasts of the transatlantic slaveholders, and afford them a tempting premium to pursue their guilty traffic, in the sure hope of a rich reward. In 1785, America exported from her shores a single bag of cotton wool. In 1843, that same country sent across sea, from her slave-tilled plantations, during the first nine months of that year, seven hundred and ninety-two millions of pounds weight! In 1785, America held within her borders 600,000 slaves, and these, as we have seen, had become unprofitable, and were, therefore, standing on the threshold of freedom. In 1840, America contained 2,487,213 slaves, and these were valued by an American statesman, Henry Clay, himself entitled to be regarded as a fit judge in the matter, being both a Southern man and a slaveholder, and a breeder, at $1200,000,000! In 1785, a single bag of cotton was exported from America. In 1841, the total exports from the shores of that country amounted in value to $106,382,722, of which her exported cotton amounted to $543,330,331, being $77,940, in excess of all her other exports put together. In 1790, the shipping of the United States was set down as 487,377 tons, and in 1844 at 2,280,085 tons! While driving this profitable trade in the staple article of our manufactures, the United States have been comparatively inattentive to the growth of other kinds of tropical produce; and have therefore greatly enriched their slaveholding neighbours, by becoming customers for the articles raised on their plantations. Her own prosperity, built on the foundation I have pointed out, has enabled her to be a large consumer of foreign produce of slave growth. Hence, we find her importing during 1846, 120,000,000 of pounds weight of slave grown coffee, and nearly 60,000 tons of slave grown sugar. Her cotton has largely assisted her to do this; and through our consumption of this slave grown article of America, we have been feeding to fatness the slaveholders of Cuba and Brazil, and thus supplying to them their only stimulus to the continuance of their slave trade with Africa. "While, therefore," says Mr. Brown, "we have been lavishing millions of money, and sacrificing thousands of valuable lives, since the peace of 1814, to suppress Slavery in Africa, our manufacturers have, year by year, been supplying a larger and larger sum to the United States, by which the demand for slaves was sure to be kept up and encouraged in Cuba and Brazil. This is the explanation, why one cargo in four, instead of one in three, now repays the Brazilian slaver."

Mr. Thompson dwelt at some length upon the support which the manufactories of England gave to the system of Slavery. "We are holding in our own hands," he said, "the key which has shot the bolt upon him in his prison-house; nay, our persons are arrayed in the very fabrics which have been woven from the fruits of the earth, which he is kept a slave to till by his unpaid labour, and to moisten with his unpitied tears." He passed then to India, and in the glowing language by which he is so eminently distinguished, described the richness, the beauty, and the varied resources of the East. He proceeded:

"Let me proceed to show you how far this magnificent realm, thus subject, through all the millions of its population, and all its diversified regions of fertility and beauty, to the absolute dominion of this island, is able to supply the articles now procured from those doleful abodes of Slavery, where every wind that blows gathers up the sighs of bleeding broken hearts:—

"Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind."

Those scenes of desolation and slaughter—

"Where the vultures and vampyres of Mammon resort,
Where Columbia exultingly drains
Her life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where the image of God is accounted so base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its place."

Those mis-named free, republican, Christian States,

"Whose fustian flag of freedom, waves
In mockery o'er a land of slaves."
(Tremendous cheering.)

He confined his remarks, however, to the one article of cotton. Every acre of ground in India, capable of growing the cotton plant, he showed, is now under the dominion of the British Crown; these limits include a territory not less in extent than all Europe south of the river Nieman, and peopled by 150,000,000 of intelligent and industrious men. Of the capacity of the soil of this extensive and fertile region to produce cotton enough for the wants of England, there can be no doubt. But it was a question in the minds of the English people, whether the natives of that country had the skill and energy to compete with American slaves in the production.—This question could not be settled now as it might once have been, by pointing to the beautiful fabrics of India. Fifty years ago, the export of piece goods from Calcutta alone amounted in value to two millions sterling. In the year 1847 not a *single yard* of cotton cloth was exported to England. The city of Dacca, that once resounded with the hum of its thousands of looms, and was celebrated, the world over, for the beauty and delicacy of its magical fabrics, is now silent, and the grass is growing in its streets, and the jungle fast invading its suburbs. Bengal, instead of exporting, as in the beginning of the century, her millions' worth of manufactures, imported in the year 1846–7, nearly four million pounds worth of goods from England. To these facts Mr. Thompson pointed in proof, that England had nurtured the system of Slavery, while she had destroyed the manufactures of India. And this result he charged upon the blind, oppressive, and infatuated policy of the East India Company. But, notwithstanding the destruction of the manufactures of India, the most conclusive evidence has recently been given of the capacity of the people to produce the raw material. He referred to the experiments of the ten cotton-planters sent out from the United States by the East India Company, in 1840, to teach the natives the cultivation of this plant. This measure was resorted to at the instigation of a deputation of manufacturers of Lancashire, who, alarmed at the attempt in '38–9 of the late United States Bank, to monopolize the cotton crop of this country, urged the directors of the Company to resort to some method whereby the cotton cultivation might again be introduced into India. The result of the experiment was, that it was made clearly manifest, and even by the testimony of the Americans themselves, that the people of India have the agricultural knowledge, the skill, and the experience to produce cotton, better and cheaper than the planters of this country.

If, then, in the face of a demand for cotton, which has more than centripled, the supply from India has declined and almost ceased, and if, as Mr. Thompson makes so clearly evident, the cause of this is neither in the sterility of the soil, nor the incapacity of the people, it must be sought for elsewhere. It is found in the oppressive policy of the East India Company toward the native population of India. "Did time permit," says Mr. Thompson,

It would be easy to demonstrate that from the commencement of the manufacture of cotton goods in this country the raw material might have been supplied from India in most abundant quantities, and sold in the Liverpool market at 2 1-2d. per pound, yielding a renumerating profit to all parties concerned. Had there at an early period been, I will not say encouragement, afforded to the native growers of cotton, but mere fair play, and an absence of oppression and direct obstacles, there would have been at the present time a supply sent to this country of the most abundant kind, and of a quality greatly superior to that of the insignificant amount which is obtained from India. And "What price," you may inquire, "would have satisfied the grower?" I will answer that question from authority. Mr. Robert Richards was a member of the Council of Bombay from the year 1806 to 1811, having previously spent twenty years of his official life in various parts of Western India.—In 1812 that gentleman addressed a letter to the Court of Directors, in the course of which he revealed (from the company's own records) the details of a deliberate system practised by the Government of Bombay, by which the native cotton growers were deprived of one-half of their whole crop as a land tax, and were openly plundered of the other half by the company's servants, who put their own price upon it (shame). In this letter Mr. Richards demonstrates that while the cotton growers were under the rule of the Mahomedans, who set the example of taking half the crop, they could cultivate to profit the best description of article, while cotton was selling on the spot at rather more than 2d. per pound. Deducting half, therefore, for the land tax, 1d. and a fraction represented the natural price at which the best commodity could be grown. In the pamphlet before me there is also the proof furnished, in the shape of a reference to actual transactions in Bombay, in 1789, when the price of Surat cotton was rather more than 2d. per lb.; being just the same price as it was in Bombay, in 1846, nearly sixty years after. Had the grower, therefore, not to yield up to the Government one-half his entire crop, he would be satisfied, as he is now virtually, with 1d. or rather more, per lb. It is, therefore, evident that, but for the existence and chartered monopoly of the East India Company, which took the whole of the crop at its own price, and returned to the grower the proceeds of only one-half, the price at which the best Surat cotton would have freely sold in London and Liverpool in the years 1786 to 1789 (leaving a large profit to the importer), would have been 2 1-2d. per lb. The prices at which the East India Company sold their cotton, in London, in the years 1785 to 1791, were from 11d. to 1s. 1d. per lb. Of the several kinds of the United States' cotton, it is that called "Upland" which compares with, and is valued against, Surat. In 1846, the year of the short crop, the average price paid in London and Liverpool for the three kinds of American Upland, was 5 1-2d. per lb. It is unnecessary, after a simple enumeration of these recorded facts, to say why the production of cotton in the United States dates from the year 1785, or to prove at greater length than they prove, that it was the Directors of the East India Company who in truth and in reality sowed the field of America broad-cast with the seeds, and transferred the immemorial growth of India to take permanent and gigantic root on the shores of the Atlantic.

Mr. Thompson does not content himself with the position here taken, and the evidence adduced in its support. He strengthens it by still further and stronger testimony, and by arguments and figures, which establish the fact beyond contradiction, that the natives of India have been compelled by the Company to abandon the cultivation of cotton. He refers to the evidence of Mr. Warden, now a Director, before a parliamentary Committee, in 1832, that the money tax on every *candy* of Surat cotton, of the value of £8, was £5 16s. thus leaving to the grower, only £2 4s. for his share. Nor was this all. The tax must be paid before the cotton is permitted to be removed from the field. "When released and removed from the grower's hut in its unseeded state, for the purpose of being deprived of the seed by the women and children of his family, there was an annual tax levied upon every native gin—then, an annual tax upon every bow, the implement required to rid it of dry leaves and dirt—then a tax upon the loom employed in weaving it; and if required for distant consumption, whether home or foreign, a transit duty."

The result of this series of oppressive taxes is that the grower eventually realizes but about one halfpenny a pound for his crop.

"In Guzerat," says General Briggs, taking for the basis of his calculation the evidence given before Parliament, "746 pounds of clean cotton may be raised on seven acres of land, giving 106 pounds per acre. The land tax on the same is £5 12s.; being 16s. per acre.—This cotton, estimated at 2 1-2d per pound, which is forty per cent. more than its value at Dharwar, will sell for £1 1s. from which, if we deduct 16s. we have scarcely more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole produce to pay the expenses of cultivation, and for the return of interest on capital, while the government receives seventy-five per cent. of the whole produce as the tax. The merchants of England, it is clear, cannot look to India for cotton while such imposts prevail." Such is the testimony of an East India officer, who has made the land tax and its effects upon cotton growing, his study for many years.

In Bengal, the system pursued has been, if possible, still more wretched. Under the rule of different collectors in different provinces, in some of which the Government tax was raised to thirty, and even to forty-six per cent. the utter desolation of these provinces, the ruin of the Zemindars, (landowners,) and the destitution of the ryots, (cultivators,) was the necessary result.

Let us look now at the effect of this system on the price of cotton in England. The argument is one that will not be unheeded by the manufacturers of that country:

It has been before observed that the average price of the three kinds of American Uplands in the markets of the United Kingdom during the dear year of 1846, was 5 1-2d. per pound. The evidence adduced proves undeniably that, from the year 1785 down to the present time, the grower of Surat cotton would have been satisfied on the spot with the price of 1d. per pound, if freed from the Company's preliminary land-tax of 1 1-2d. per pound, and liberated from all interference of the revenue officers.—"My own knowledge," says Mr. Brown, "but especially my late father's personal and practical experience through more than half a century, lead me to affirm that a price of 1d. to 1 1-2d. per pound, paid to the native growers free from tax, would have been remuneration sufficient to have secured from them the production of any quantity of cotton which the wants of England have required during the last sixty years. All the inquiries I have made lead me to the conviction that the same price would have paid the grower in every province in India, where the Company found cotton to be a staple culture. Adding 1d. per pound for transport and the profit of the importer, a price of 2 1-2d. to 3d. per pound is the natural price at which, but for the tax and the interference of the Company, good East India cotton would have been laid down in London and Liverpool. What the profit of the English manufacturers would have been by having the command of the staple at this medium price, they themselves best know. But taking the price paid by manufacturers for every description of United States cotton in the year 1846 at no more than the average price paid for "Uplands," namely, 5 1-2d. per lb. it is clear that they paid to the Americans 2 1-2d. per lb. more than the natural price of cotton, if the growth and the trade in India had been, as in the United States, perfectly free. Upon the total quantity received from the United States, this sum amounts to £5,236,252. This was the excess of price they paid last year. But this year, owing to the short crop in the United States, the consequent rise in every market, the scarcity of food throughout Europe, and the demand for tonnage in the United States for the purpose of shipping every pound of spare food to where food was at famine prices,—in consequence of these concurrent visitations, it is computed by the *Economist* that the manufacturers will have to pay from four to five millions sterling more to the Americans for the short supply of the present year, than for the more abundant one of last.—Their American cotton account for the two years will therefore stand thus:—

	£.
1846.—Ordinary enhanced price paid above natural price of East India cotton	5,236,252
1847.—Ditto ditto ditto	5,236,252
Extraordinary enhanced price over 1846	4,500,000
Excess of price paid in two years to the United States for cotton	£14,972,504

"It would be better," adds Mr. Thompson, "that the manufacturers should ask the East India Company to accept of five millions of pounds, subscribed amongst themselves, and in return suffer the natives of India to grow cotton, free of land tax, for the people of this country, than to carry on their operations under the existing system. Five millions so given in 1845, would have saved nearly fifteen."

The extracts we have made from this remarkable speech, we think, give to our readers an insight into the character and principles of this great movement. We think we do not over-rate its importance. The question of free labour, when presented in such magnitude, and promising such magnificent and speedy results, should, and we have no doubt, will, be gladly agitated by the friends of the slave all over the world. That this movement has not attracted the slightest notice from the press of this country does not surprise us. It will be winked out of sight as long as possible. When that is no longer possible, the people of this country will be permitted to hear of it, through the political press. We cannot refrain from one further extract from, and that the closing portion of Mr. Thompson's speech:

At the risk of wearying you, I have laid my views before you, at considerable length, and you may now perceive the nature of the object to which I desire to devote myself (loud cheers). Is it not a glorious goal after which I am reaching? (cheers.) Long, long have I looked to India with emotions which God alone has penetrated. The study of that country, in the history of its people, the capacity of its soil, its subjection by England, and its future destinies, has been the passion of the last eight years of my life. Long, long ago I made a vow that I would live for the benefit of that country. (loud cheers.) Have I your permission to redeem that vow? (long continued cheers.) But let me tell you, I did not make that vow until I clearly perceived that he who laboured for the good of India, was at the same time the truest and wisest friend of his own country, and the most efficient promoter of the extinction of slavery and the slave trade. (cheers.) Have I not shown you that "justice to India" is "prosperity to England" and "freedom to the slave?" (applause.) This was the motto I chose for a small newspaper I started on the 1st of January, 1841. It is my motto still. Will you adopt it? (cheers.) Well, then, as I told you at the time I was a candidate for your suffrages, I shall be ever ready, by an honest vote, to support every good and sound measure, without reference to party; and I shall have no objection to speak a word on a subject I understand, unless, as is often the case, it should be superior wisdom to remain silent (cheers). The question I have brought before you this evening, however, is that to which I wish you to grant me permission to devote myself; and that you might to some extent have an enlightened opinion respecting its merits, its magnitude, and its importance, I have delivered the address now brought to a close. Let me then ask you if you participate in my views regarding the vital importance of this question to the interests and happiness both of the people of this country and of India?" (loud cheers.) Have I your sanction to give myself to the advocacy of this question? (renewed cheers.) Will you support me while I am humbly and honestly engaged in calling the attention of the country and the legislature to it? (great applause.) Will you allow me henceforth to say, that as far as you are concerned my constituents and co-labourers with me on the question? (loud cheers, which lasted for a considerable time.) Enough. We understand one another. You have encouraged me on the threshold of this great work. In making the claims of India henceforth the peculiar object of my labours in Parliament and throughout England, I shall have the firmest persuasion that I am acting in conformity with the best interests of my native country and the just rights of our conquered fellow subjects, and of the enslaved throughout the world. I shall now submit the following resolution. I think I have sustained every clause of it, save that which refers to the natives of India as customers for our manufactures; but it must be self-evident that if we improve the condition of 150,000,000 of men, we must of necessity increase their wants, and consequently open a vast market for our own manufactured products. In another address I will abundantly demonstrate this. With these remarks I shall read the resolution, which I do not doubt, from the manner in which you have responded to what has been said, will receive your cordial approval. (loud cheers.)

"I. That it has been demonstrated to this meeting, that India, a vast British possession, populated by millions of peaceful, intelligent, and civilized British subjects, has been gifted by nature with the capacity of producing every tropical raw commodity, which the capital and industry of England require for the constant and profitable employment of her population, or for the supply of any of their other wants.

"That it has been further demonstrated, that England, although the mistress of such a possession as British India, is rendered year by year more dependent for the supply of raw cotton, which is the staple of

habitually drawn down, making convenient little wrinkles for the tobacco juice, with which savoury liquid he plentifully besprinkled the cabin floor. We saw at once that he was a good specimen of a large class of American politicians, and so listened to his harangue. We regret that we took no notes of it, but we remember enough for a slight sketch, though we heard indistinctly, and only a part.

"Sir!" said he, "I go for Polk! Let others do as they will, my suffrage are for the man who has guided the Ship of State, thus far, through sunshine, and storm, and strife! Look at Mexico!!!"

Some one ventured to suggest that the invasion of Mexico for the purpose of extending Slavery, was not exactly a good democratic reason for "going for Polk."

"Sir!" he answered, "Mexico is doomed!!! The fate of that Republic is sealed by the fiat of the God of Battles! In 1811 I read the history of that country, Sir.—The haughty, and conquering Pizarro, marched over the dead bodies of her inoffending and massacreed people, to the halls of the Montezumas, and overthrew with the warrior's strong right arm a mighty empire. Through blood, and strife, has Mexico achieved her greatness, and through blood, and strife, must she be brought low. A greater than Pizarro ravages in the Halls of the Montezumas. The tyrant Sant' Anna bites the dust. A free and mighty Republic has avenged the wrongs of the helpless Ingins. The glorious Stars and Stripes floats from her towers and battlements, and Liberty has found a resting-place among her swampy rancheros!"

Somebody suggested chapperels. The orator turned upon him a withering look of contempt for his impertinence.

The same modest gentleman who had before spoken, hinted something of the necessity of a Wilmot Proviso, as a protection for the Indians.

"Sir!" he proceeded, "we want no Wilmot Provisos. Nothing can stop the progress of this mighty Republic. The principles of Liberty, from our example, are shakin' to their foundations the tottering tyrannies of the Old World. Can the throne of England stand much longer? No, Sir! She cherishes enemies within her own bussom. Will any one venture to say that she has ever conquered Wales? No, Sir! Will he dare to say that she has subgegated Scotland? No, Sir! Will he affirm that Ireland—that gem of the sea, and home of the brave—is a conquered province? No, Sir! Her own sons betrayed her! Them people will arise in their might, and hurl to the earth the throne of England. Encouraged by our example, all over Europe, the people are preparing to achieve their freedom. The serfs of Russia are starting the astonished nobles with the shout, that 'all men are created free and equal'—the watchword of our glorious democracy! And Germany is bidding defiance to the Pope. And Denmark—— Yes, Sir! and Denmark is——is——and Switzerland, Sir!—Yes, Sir! Switzerland is planting the Standard of Liberty upon her Alpine heights!"

As he lifted his slippers from the cricket, about to leave the boat, with a "good morning Major," to one who sat next him, on three stools and a large portion of the settee, we learned that this specimen of the "unterrified democracy" rejoiced in the title of "Colonel." He should have been, with Liberty, resting among the "rancheros" of Mexico.

Henry Clay's Speech.

The Speech, to which we have given a large portion of this number of our paper, was received in this city on Wednesday morning of last week. We made every effort to lay it before our readers in the last Standard, or in an Extra, but the intervention of a holyday rendered it impossible to procure the amount of printing necessary to be done, without delaying the paper longer than we thought advisable. Many of our readers will, doubtless, not have seen it till they see it here, and, at any rate, it is too important a document not to be put upon record. It is, it will be seen, substantially the same as the report which we gave two weeks since.

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.—We commend to the attention of our readers the letter on our first page, from Joseph Dugdale to the Bugle. The spirit of the Lord has but leaky vessels in Indiana, if there are none better than this Quaker Sangrado, who could not give a medical prescription for a heretic. It is perhaps, fortunate, however, that his conscience took that view of it. We advise all Friends who may be travelling without a minute, or in the committal of any such deadly sin, to beware of Dr. Plummer's boluses, should he be disposed to administer any. He might see the way open to help a patient out of this world's meeting more effectually than to leave him to the uncertain action of disease.

SYMPATHY FOR THE POPE.—A great meeting was held in this city on Monday evening, for a public demonstration of sympathy for the Pope of Rome. The meeting was, of course, very large and very enthusiastic; speeches were made, and letters read, and an Address and Resolutions adopted, full of fustian talk of Liberty, Constitutional Freedom, and National Independence. Among the fifty and odd names which appear as connected with the proceedings, in one way or another, there are two or three who are known as in favour of Liberty at home; but there are more distinguished as the friends of a tyranny in the United States, worse than Italy ever saw in her worst days; others who are actually themselves the holders of human beings as chattel slaves; and more still who never have, and never will, give their countenance to any movement aiming at the freedom of the most oppressed class in this country, till they can do so with as little sacrifice of their ease and popularity, as in an expression of their sympathy for the struggles of the oppressed as far off as up the Mediterranean. We fancy the Pope would be little flattered by the address and resolutions of this New York meeting, could he know something of the men who composed it.

JAMES CANNINGS FULLER.—We hear with extreme regret, of the death of this good man. The slave had no warmer friend, and the cause of reform generally, no more sincere advocate. Mr. Fuller was an Englishman by birth, but from principle, a consistent republican. He left his own country, where his wealth gave him a high social position, to reside in one where he hoped freedom meant something more than a flourish of words. He never forgot to uphold here the principles which led him to seek a home among strangers. He died at Skaneateles, on the 25th ult. after a painful illness of but a few hours' duration. His age was 54 years.

☞ The Baltimore Correspondent of the Era says, that Isaiah Shaw, (coloured,) and Henry Shaw, (white,) charged with aiding the escape of slaves, have been acquitted. The specific charge against the latter was, that he cut an *iron collar* from the neck of a slave boy.

☞ A number of our subscribers in Pennsylvania and parts adjacent, will find their bills enclosed in this week's paper; the amount of which they are respectfully requested to remit, by mail or otherwise, to J. M. McKim, 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.—Gen. Lane, in one of his official despatches, thus describes one of those pleasant scenes which Anglo-Saxonism is enacting in Mexico, to fulfil its "manifest destiny." We think the Rev. Mr. Headley need not go back to the times of the good pastor Arnaud to find fit subjects for his pen. The General says:

"Now ensued one of the *most beautiful sights conceivable*. Every gun was served with the utmost rapidity; and the crash of the *walls and roofs of houses when struck by our shot and shells*, was mingled with the roar of our artillery. The bright light of the moon enabled us to direct our shots to the *most thickly populated parts of the town*."

☞ GEN. SAM HOUSTON has been nominated for President of the United States by a democratic convention at San Augustine, Texas. The Tribune asks which of his wives in the event of his election, shall be Presidentess—the Tennessean, the Squaw, or the Texan? If the unconstitutional test of connubial fidelity is to be applied to candidates for high offices, the list to choose from will be a small one. The Tribune, in hinting at the necessity of any such old fashioned morality, is treading on the toes of a great many of its best friends.

Notes on New Books.

Harpers' Illustrated Catalogue.—This is something new in the shape of a catalogue. It is a very beautiful book. The illustrations are among the best examples of wood engravings that have been produced in this country, being specimen cuts from the numerous illustrated works which have recently been issued by the great publishing house in Cliff street. Among them are some beautiful pictures from the elegant edition of "Thompson's Seasons," which has just been issued, a republication from the London illustrated edition, edited by Bolton Corney; and some exquisitely engraved vignettes from Miss Pardoe's History of Louis XIV. The Catalogue is well arranged, with an index, and it contains a list of more than eight hundred distinct works published by the Harpers, comprising books in every department of human knowledge.—B.

Life and Opinions of Julius Melbourn; with sketches of the Lives and Characters of Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, John Randolph, and several other eminent American Statesmen. Edited by a late Member of Congress. Syracuse: Published by Hall & Dickson; New York: A. S. Barnes & Co: 1847.

An ex-member of Congress, the Hon. Mr. Hammond, of this State, is, we understand, not the editor merely but the author of this book. He doubts, in his preface, whether the publishers will receive a very large share of public patronage, for a work in which neither the faults of the two political parties are spared; in which the North is accused of base subserviency to the South; the South of unjust and tyrannical laws, and a gross violation of human rights; and the Church of being governed by motives of expediency. And certainly, an author who indulges in so sweeping a condemnation of the sovereign people, geographically, politically, and spiritually, stands a good chance of being denounced at once as a traitor to his country, and an infidel to all religion, and of being punished in the most severe, and most American manner—a want of customers. He makes one plea, however, in mitigation of punishment, which, probably, will not be disregarded—he abuses the Abolitionists. This alone will recommend him to mercy. Our chief complaint against him is, not that he abuses the Abolitionists, but that he knows so little about them. We protest, on their behalf, against the assumption that the Liberty party of this State is a fair type of the Anti-Slavery of the country, or that Mr. Lewis Tappan, and Mr. Alvan Stewart, are its best and most distinguished representatives.

The story of Julius Melbourn, which occupies about one fourth of the book, is an ingenious web of the common incidents of a slave's life, all which might have belonged to a single individual. Some that are here related may seem to those who know little of Slavery, to border on the romantic, but we are sure, that from our own slender stock of material, we could have furnished the author with actual occurrences, far more strange, terrible, and touching, than any of those for which he has drawn on his imagination. Melbourn, a bright mulatto, is represented as having been born a slave, of a slave-mother, and an unknown father. From the former he was parted in early childhood, by her sale to the Southwest, and he was soon after bought and adopted by a benevolent English woman, who gave him a good education, and at her death, a comfortable fortune. He married one of his own colour, a slave of a neighbouring planter. This planter was his friend, and had promised him the freedom of his betrothed. Sudden death, induced by the bad conduct of a profligate son-in-law, prevented the fulfilment of the benevolent intentions of her master, and left the future wife of Melbourn at the mercy of a scoundrel. He refused to sell her for a wife, or as a wife, and she was at length sold, in his absence, to a slave trader, who hurried her to New Orleans, where her beauty would command a ready and advantageous market. Melbourn followed, but being without his free papers, was thrown, at the instigation of the trader, into prison as a fugitive. When he recovered his liberty and was enabled to trace his wife from plantation to plantation, it was only to learn that, impelled by cruelty and insult, to which none but slave-women are subjected, she had, as was supposed, committed suicide. Years afterward, however, when visiting, with his sons, the scene of the supposed death of his wife, he accidentally found her. She had been rescued from self-destruction by a Quaker, and had ever since resided in her family as a relation,—a deception easily practised, as the slave was, to all appearance, a white woman.

We give here a bare sketch of the main incidents, out of which the author has made an interesting tale. Well written as it is, however, and carefully put together, by an educated man, it has nothing of the interest possessed by either the narrative of Douglass or of Brown. We doubt, indeed, if any man, however ingenious, can invent any credible slave story which shall equal in interest, the plain unvarnished tale of an actual slave, whose life has not been passed on a single plantation. Slavery has incidents, daily and hourly almost, which no writer of fiction, who valued his reputation, would dare to invent.

The larger portion of the volume before us is taken up with descriptions of interviews with public men in this country, and dissertations of events of public interest and importance. The author had something to say upon various topics, or wished perhaps, to amuse himself by writing his reminiscences and opinions, and tells the story of Julius Melbourn, to insure him an audience. We wish him a good one, for he has certainly made a very readable book, but trust that before he writes another, which shall profess to give any account of the Abolitionists, he will take the trouble to ask the first Abolitionist—who was one before '40, the date of birth of the Anti-Slavery cause, the date of birth—he might also ask of the death and burial—of the Liberty party, and whether the movement ever extended beyond this State, or ever had any advocates beside one or two he mentions, who were neither worn-out political hacks, broken-down lawyers, nor bankrupt merchants.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Happy Valley; The Welcome; The Gipsy Child. *Miscellany:* The Gospel of To-Day; Another Letter from Mr. Pinto; John Gaspard Lavater and the Poor Widow; War; The Mosquito; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Letter from Joseph Dugdale; Speeh of Henry Clay.

SECOND PAGE.—Petition of the Ladies of Paris for the for the Abolition of Slavery.

Married,

At Preston, England, October 16, FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, M. D. of London, to Miss DEBORAH DELANO, daughter of Major George Whistler, formerly of the U. S. Army, and now Railroad Engineer in Russia.

In Poughkeepsie, on the 17th instant, at the residence of Dr. Wm. P. Gibbons, in the order of the Society of Friends, SAMUEL KEESE, of Peru, Clinton County, to CATHARINE ROBINSON, of the former place.

In Syracuse, on the evening of the 17th instant, by Rev. Homer Wheaton, of Poughkeepsie, GEORGE B. WALTER, Attorney at Law, to Miss HARRIET WHEATON, sister of the officiating clergyman, and Horace and Charles A. Wheaton, of Syracuse.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

By Telegraph—Later from Mexico.

PETERSBURG, Va. Nov. 26,

The schooner Sarah, at New Orleans from the Brazos, 9th, states that the Fever was increasing.

Letters from the city of Mexico, October —, state that Atlisco, in Mexico, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake on the 23d October. Not a single house was left standing. A large portion of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins.

Serious damage was also done to the surrounding country in the villages and monastaries, many of which were overthrown.

Canales died at Cerralvo on the 4th inst.

The *N. O. Picayune*, Extra, published on the afternoon of the 23d has later despatches from Mexico.

The propeller Edith arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, the 8th brining two days' later news.

A letter from Queretara, dated the 25th, twe days later, says that seventy-one Deputies were then in the city, and several others on the way, and it was believed that very soon there would be sufficient to open the session.

The first business is the election of a President. The candidates are Pena, Almonte and Herrera.

News had reached there of certain designs of stock jobbers at the capital to form Mexico into two great States, and annex them to the American Union. The *Razonador*, newspaper, maintains opinions that this is a new party.

The *Arco Iris* states the number of Mexican troops now in the field, at different stations, at thirty-one thousand.

A letter from the National Bridge, dated 8th, gives particulars of Gen. Patterson's march from there without molestation to his headquarters at Santa Anna's residence.

Col. Hughes' command was still there.

Gen. Patterson had received a visit from a commissioner of Padre Jaraute with Peace propositions—the Padre being tired of war, and wishing to come under the protection of our government—Gen. Patterson coolly told the commissioner if Jaraute wished to return to Vera Cruz as a good citizen, to disperse his command and proceed there instantly, and no one would molest them, adding that he should hang every guerrilla he caught.

The train wns to proceed with the 5th Division Baltimore battalion.

The reported fight between Jaraute and Zenobia is confirmed. Jaraute was worsted, which is the supposed cause of his peaceful intentions.

The health of Col. Hughes' command was generally good—some fifty only sick.

A letter from Vera Cruz, dated the 8th, states that goods forwarded to the interior, via Orizba, are no longer taxed by the Mexican authorities, showing that the guerrilla force is getting weaker.

Vera Cruz and the country around is getting wonderfully Americanized.

Col. Dominguez's spy company left on the 7th, with dispatches for Gen. Scott.

Gen. Taylor had not arrived at Matamoros, but would leave Monterey on the 8th.

The health of Matamoros is improving.

It was rumoured there that the States of San Luis, Zatecas, Durango, and one other, had declared in favour of Paredes' monarchical scheme, and proffered him 18,000 troops.

Senor Iturbide is fixed upon for the throne, in case of European intervention, which is confidently calculated upon. Many Mexicans in that quarter are hostile to the movement, and are ready to join the United States to prevent its consummation.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 25, 1847.

By the arrival of traders from Santa Fé, later dates from that quarter have been received.

Another insurrection had taken place among the Mexicans at Chihuahua, and the American residents there forced to fly to escape being massacred, leaving much of their property behind.

Col. Easton was mustering a force to march against the insurgents, and a battle was shortly expected to take place.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 27.

Later dates have been received from Santa Fé reaching to the 19th of October.

Col. Newby was about moving southward to avoid a threatened rigorous winter.

At Los Vegas, 12 Government wagons, with an escort of 100 men, were passed. This train had had several skirmishes with roving parties of Mexicans and Indians. They had killed a number of their enemies and captured many horses, without the loss of a man.

General Items.

A reward of $150 is offered in Washington for the apprehension of a runaway slave, named *George Washington*.

Another Victim.—With regret and pain, which are too deep for expression, we learn that our noble hearted brother Samuel D. Burris, has fallen into the hands of the slaveholders. He has just been convicted in Dover, Del., by the means of perjured witnesses, as we are informed, of the heinous crime of helping men from slavery to freedom,—"negro stealing," in southern dialect. He was arrested in July, on three or four indictments, and has since been confined in prison, and subjected, during a large part of the time, to treatment which would disgrace a community of savages. With a strong heart he has borne up under all his sufferings, and even now, in his deep despair, he shows that the sufferings of his brethren fill his mind rather than his own. He has been convicted on two indictments, and sentenced upon both to pay a fine of $500 and be imprisoned ten months, and in default of payment, to be sold to the highest bidder, either in or out of the State, for *fourteen years* as a slave. Could inhuman malice go further? The slaveholders and soul-traffickers gloat with a fiendish joy over his wretchedness. God grant him a diliverence from the jaws of those land-shsrks who wait to devour him! *Pa. Freeman.*

Charge of being engaged in the Slave-Trade.—Yesterday morning, William Browne, late second mate of the bark Fame, of New London, Connecticut, was brought before Thoma L. Kane, United States Commissioner, charged with having been engaged in the slave trade. He was arrested at Rio Janeiro by Gorham Parks, American Consul, and sent for trial, by the bark Globe, Capt. Esling, which arrived on Sunday last. Luther Toole, one of the crew was sent on to give evidence. It appears from the testimony that in 1846 the Fame arrived at Oahu, Sandwich Islands. The Captain and first mate being dead, the American Consul appointed the second mate, Anthony Parks, Captain, and shipped a crew from the hospital at the island, Wm. Browne, the second mate, and Luther Toole, were of the crew.

The vessel sailed for the United States, but coming round Cape Horn was found to be leaky, therefore put into Rio Janeiro, in December, 1846. They remained there until February, 1847, and then put to sea ostensibly for a whaling voyage. There were three passengers on board, two Frenchmen, and a Portuguese sea captain. After they were sometime out, the crew were informed that the vessel was bound for the east coast of Africa, after a cargo of negroes.

In May they arrived at a town on the East coast, and the Portuguese Captain and the two Frenchmen went ashore, and were gone nearly two days. They returned in the night, with eight or ten boat loads of negroes, some five or six hundred in number, which were taken on board, and the bark sailed for Brazil. They landed them at Cape Frio. Our Consul took measures to arrest the officers and crew.

The Captain and crew escaped, but Pulnkett, the first mate, and the prisoner, with Luther Toole, one of the crew, were arrested. Plunkett was sent to the United States for trial in the frigate Columbia, which has arrived at Norfolk. The District Attorney, Thos. M. Pettit. Esq. appeared for the United States.

Mr. Commissioner Kane said that a clear *prima facie* case was made out, he therefore bound over the prisoners in one thousand dollars bail to answer the charge. Luther Toole was bound in one hundred dollars to testify.

Mr. Vandyke, for the prisoner, argued that it was shown by the testimony that the prisoner was a foreigner being an unnaturalized Englishman; the prosecution must show that the vessel belonged to the United States. The act of Congress of 1800 will not apply to a foreign vessel manned by a foreign crew.

The act of 1820 makes the offence piracy in any officer or person belonging to the crew, voluntarily serving in a vessel employed in the slave trade. It was argued that the prisoner served by compulsion from his superior officers.

A Runaway Slave may not be employed in Pennsylvania except under Penally.—In the United States Circuit Court, at Pittsburgh, a penalty of $500 has been awarded against Dr. Mitchell, of Indiana county, for enticing a slave from his master. The case was tried under the act of Congress of 1793, and for the penalty imposed by that act. The decision in this case goes somewhat farther than the famous Van Zandt case of Ohio. In the case decided at Pittsburgh there was no proof of any attempts on the part of Dr. M. to entice the slave away from his master. Nor was there any proved interference to prevent their return to their owners. He gave them employment, however, knowing them to be slaves, and according to the charge of the Judge, and the inference of the jury from the charge, there was room for the verdict rendered. In Judge McLean's charge, the act of employment simply was not deemed an offence under the act of Congress. The case occupied the Court, the *Pittsburg Gazette* says, four days. Judge Grier's charge was pointedly against the defendant.

Important Decision.—A slave belonging to Louis Alme Pigneygny was yesterday declared to be free, in consequence of having been taken to France.—*New Orleans Picayune of the 10th.*

This is in accordance with decisions which have frequently been made here, and with which the South has never been satisfied. If a slave be brought by his master voluntarily, into this State, his shackles fall off at once. Slavery cannot exist here for a moment. And it is so with every free State, and with every country where Slavery is not recognized. The decision in New Orleans, goes further, however, than our decisions have gone or can go. It establishes the important fact, that the freedom which a slave thus acquires, by the voluntary act of his master, shall avail him permanently; and that if he, of his own choice, shall afterwards return to a slave State, he shall not again be subject to bondage.—*Boston Transcript.*

The same court decided, a few days previous, as it appears in some of the New Orleans papers, that the steamboat Missouri was not liable for carrying off a slave. In this case a singular fact was disclosed, viz: a slave being so white that he could pass anywhere for a white man, and who was supposed to be such when he was taken into the employ of the steamer and carried out of the State. The slave had been permitted to hire himself on boats trading to places where Slavery does not exist, and to remain there till he chose to leave, and the court expressed great doubts whether his master could exercise ownership over him afterwards.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from November 22d, to 30th, 1847.

440	Otis Sandford, Clinton, N Y	$1 00
442	Samuel Furguson, Oneida Castle, N Y	1 00
440	Frederick Brown, Oneida Depot, N Y	1 00
440	Thomas H. Rogers, "	1 00
434	B. H. Jones, Troy, N Y	1 00
406	S. W. Hunt, Lowell, Mass	25
329	Stephen Mathews, Painsville, O	2 00
422	L. Tillottson, South Thompson, O	1 00
508	Daniel Ricketson, New Redford, Mass	1 00
438	Lyman Hurd, Nashau, N H	50
441	G. R. Freeman, "	1 00
355	John T. Hallock, Milton, N Y	1 00
398	T. Faville, Brocket's Bridge, N Y	25
441	Ira Ladd, Brewerton, N Y	1 00
438	Daniel Trimble, New York,	1 00
		14 00
	Total,	$14 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT WEST WINFIELD.

On January 26th and 27th, 1848.

The friends of the slave are invited to make preparations for our next Fair, to be held at the time above mentioned. There is no time to be lost. The slave is still toiling, toiling, toiling,—hopeless, helpless, desolate.—Woman,—aye, a million of women are even now given up to the tender mercies of the palefaced oppressor. In the name of these outraged ones, we ask each and all of you to do something,—do what you can, do all that you can, to hasten their deliverance. Ask your neighbours to help you. Many of them will willingly give their aid if you will only invite them. Prejudice is giving way. A spirit of inquiry is abroad. Freedom is gaining ground. Now is the time for effort.

Charles Lenox Remond, E. D. Hudson, Lewis Hayden, J. C. Hathaway, and other speakers will be present.

Dolly Thomas	Miranda A. E. Greene
Sarah Guild	Phebe Backus
Hannah Bucklin	Laura Eldred
Emeline Murdock	Julia Ann Eaton
Henrietta Bisby	Laura Turner
Eveline Rider	Sophlora Thomas
Alpha Thomas	Laura Colburn
Susan Brown	Amanda Harding.

ASSISTANT FAIR COMMITTEE.

We trust that this Committee are fully awake to the responsibilities which devolve upon them, and that the Fair will show that those responsibilities have been faithfully discharged. There is no time to be lost. Friends are you *all* at work!

Abby Kimber	Agnes Crain
Edwin Fussell	Wm. Speakman
Grace Ann Lewis	Rebecca S. Potts
Mahlon Linton	Martha Griffith
Achsah Janney	Dr. W. Trego
Francenia Schofield	W. H. Johnson
Mary B. Thomas	Joseph Smith
Abby Vickers	Dr. Caleb Ash
Elizabeth Coates	Eli Hambleton
Jane More	Rebecca Walton
Samuel Swain	Edward H. Magill
Alice Eliza Hambleton	James Lewis
Anna Whitson	George Corson
Rebecca Smith	Hiram Corson
Rachel Brssett	James Ramage
Rachel H. Brosius	Isaac Robers
Allan Moore	Emma S. Paxson
Lea Pusey	Wm. Taytor
Emily Pickering	Mary Hollinshead
Rebecca Plumley	Anna Warner
B. Rush Plumley	Abby Goodwin
Hannah Townsend	Mary W. Needles
Elizabeth J. Betts	Mary Cox
Ruth Ann Lamborne	Eliza Spackman
Adrinna Pugh	Isaac Meredeth
Elizabeth Ivins	Pennock Marshall
Millison B. Storne	Sarah W. Pennypacker
Mary Smith	Sarah Adamson
Alice Jackson	Eliza Pennypacker
Susan Fulton	Elibabeth Hawley
Phebe Darlington	Isaiah Morris
Sarah Pennock	Lydia P. Jacobs
Rebecca Sellers	Elizabeth Evans
Edward Webb	Enoch Meredith
John Sellers, jr.	Edward H Coates
Letitia Brosius	Eliza Pugh
J. Lyddon Pennock	Isaiah Lewis
Mardon Wilson	Eliza Webb
Eleanor Parnell	Edward Webb
Elizabeth Dickinson	Mary H. Etriken
Phebe Hood	Deborah Huey
Ann Eliza M. Taylor	Eleanor Smith
Mary Pennock	Sarah J. Atkinson
Mary Marshall	Joseph Hays
Samuel Tyson	Martha A. Stubbs
Mary Bowman	James H. Walker
Sarah Pierce	Mary Coates
Chas. Pierce (Byberry)	Amasa Worthington
Chas. Pierce (Bristol)	Ann Spackman
Fanny Swain	Susannah Taylor
Mary Buckman	Martha Chapman
Isaac Winslow	Harriet Hood
Jacob Pierce	Simpson Preston
Sidney Pierce	Charles Smith, jr.
James Whitehead	Eliza Agnew
Esther Whitehead	Elizabeth Linton
Taylor Janney	Martha Ivins
Samuel Pennock	Isaac Ivins
Simmons Coates	Mary K. Darlington
Ann Elizabeth Kent	Allan Agnew
Isaac Flint	Eliza Agnew
Elizabeth Garrett	James Sellers
Catharine Evans	Jeremiah Starr
Mary Davis	Emma Starr
	Ellwood Michener.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the B. F. A. S. Society, which was held at No. 21 Cornhill, the afternoon of Oct. 13th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the friends of the cause throughout the country are hereby requested to ask of all such ministers as have signed Anti-Slavery protests, preached Anti-Slavery sermons, or in any way indicated an interest in our cause, the presentation of the Address of the Committee of the 14th A. S. Bazaar to their respective congregations for the purpose of obtaining in each church a special effort during the coming two months, in aid of the Bazaar.

Resol Tved, That the Rev. heodore Parker, the Rev. William H. Channing, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, the Rev. Edward Beecher (and any and all such other clergymen of Boston, to whom we may consistently tender such a mark of our high respect) be hereby earnestly requested, for the sake of the cause of freedom and humanity, to present the address of the Committee to their respective Congregations, and to advocate, and aid in organizing, their co-operation with the Bazaar. The following are the list of officers:

President—Thankful Southwick.
Vice President—Helen E. Garrison.
Domestic Corresponding Secretary—Henrietta Sargent.
Foreign Corresponding Secretary— Maria W. Chapman.
Recording Secretary—Abby Southwick.
Treasurer—Harriet M. Jackson.
Counsellors—Eliza F. Meriam, Mary G. Chapman, Hannah Tufts, Mary J. Trask, Mary Willey, Anne W. Weston.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Western New York Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of Rochester, commencing on Monday, DECEMBER 20th, 1847, at 2 o'clock, P. M. A general attendance of all the friends of the society is urgently solicited, as business of more than usual importance will be brought before the society for its action.

Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond, Giles B. Stebbins, (probably Samuel J. May,) and other distinguished advocates of the cause will be present.

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Pres.*

FARMINGTON, 11th mo. 1847.

MEETINGS POSTPONED.

The friends in Hornellsville, Steuben county, and those in Allegany, Cattaraugus, and Chautauque counties, will please take notice that, in consequence of the state of the roads, and some other unforeseen circumstances, the Mass Conventions advertised to be held in those places in the month of December, and to be attended by Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond, and myself, are postponed to some future time, of which due notice will be given through the columns of the Standard and otherwise.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

FARMINGTON, 11th mo. 1847.

GENESEE COUNTY.

A mass meeting of the friends of the slave in Genesee and the adjoining counties will be held at DARIEN city on Saturday and Sunday December, 11th, and 12th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A number of distinguished speakers will be present, and a full and free investigation of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be had. All persons are cordially invited to be present and participate in the discussions.

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Gen. Ag't.*

FARMINGTON, 11th mo. 1847.

THE ROCHESTER ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Anti-Slavery Women of Western New-York, purpose holding a Fair in the city of Rochester, on the 17th and 18th of December next to aid the great work of Emancipation. The active friends of the cause are few, we therefore appeal to all who feel for suffering humanity and self-preservation from the encroachments of the slave power, to co-operate with us in the undertaking. We ask aid of all those mothers, who can feel for the mothers of our own land that are daily and hourly experiencing the torture of having their children torn fromuthe sight of their eyes, and the embrace of their love, by the unhallowed grasp of Slavery; and we solicit all who feel that the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and neighbour, are desirable, to aid us in our efforts to give to the three millions whose ties are thus torn and severed, all the blessings that we crave for ourselves.

To forward this object we intend offering to the public such articles as are both useful and ornamental, the proceeds of which shall be expended in sutaining lecturers and circulating publications to awaken and inform the public respecting this system of unparaeled wickedness, and if possible to inspire it with true love of Freedom. Donations of every description and variety, of small as well as large value will be thankfully received. Liberal hearts and willing hands will devise many ways to subserve the cause. We earnestly solicit mechanics, merchants, and farmers, to lay something upon this table of humanity. Supplies of Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Cream, Chickens, Turkeys, Hams, Dried Beef, Pickles, and Fruit of every description, will be acceptable offerings for the refreshment table. We invite and strongly hope that the ladies of our neighbouring towns, will unite their efforts in furnishing tables and take charge of them with us at the Fair.

The Annual meeting of the Society will be held immediately after the Fair, which will greatly add to the interest of the occasion.

Sarah D. Fish,	Mary H. Hallowell,
Rhoda De Garmo,	Mary Baldwin,
Mary B. Fish,	Catharine G. Braithwait,
Mary Ann McClintock,	Sarah E. Thayer,
Abigal Bush,	Lemera M. Kedzie,
Sarah L. Hallowell,	Amy Post,
Charlotte Wilber,	Susan R. Doty,
Phebe Hathaway,	Catharline Stebbins,
Margaret Clark,	Phebe Tredwell,
Margaret Larson,	Elvira Marsh.
Mrs. Platt,	Sarah Jacobs,
	Sarah A. Burtis.

☞ THE BAZAAR! ☜

To the friends of the Cause, who wish to help in the decoration of Faneuil Hall for the Bazaar.

Great quantities of the "running pine," (as it is called in some places) will be needed. Many dozens of barrels full of it will not be too much. It need not be made up into wreaths, as we are promised much help on the floor of the Hall, in preparing and decorating. *Only give us the raw material in abundance*, that we may not be oblige to expend the hard-eared funds of the occasion in paying bills after it is over.

The savin, or red-cedar, is to be the basis of the ever-green material. Friends having it in their power to supply one or several loads of the "savin brush" are entreated to communicate *immediately* with the Committee, as also those who can furnish he running pine.

Ladies intending to come to town to superintend the sale of their own goods, and who have no friends residing in town, are requested to communicate their intention to the Committee, that we may do all in our power towards their hospitable reception.

M. W. CHAPMAN,
For the Committee.

N. B. ☞ All friends able and willing to aid in putting up the decorations previous to the opening of the Bazaar, are entreated to be in attendance for the cause's sake. Seasonable notice of the time will be given hereafter.

☞ The Boston Female A. S. Society at its last annual meeting, voted to ask the aid of all the Anti-Slavery ministers of the city, in organizing a corps of labourers for the Bazaar (to be opened at Faneuil Hall on the 21st Dec.) in their respective congregations. They also voted to recommend the same course to all the Anti-Slavery friends throughout the Country.

This is an excellent suggestion. Let each friend of the cause, then, begin, though alone, to work for the Bazaar, and testify the respect due to all those ministers in his or her vicinity, who have heretofore befriended the cause, by asking them to read the address of the Committee to their people, to give notice of a time and place of meeting for planning and preparing useful and ornamental work, appointing collectors to raise money for the purchase of materials, &c. &c.

Wherever a sewing circle is now in operation, its numbers and efficiency may in all probability be greatly increased in this way, and where none exists, a single individual may create one, in any place where the slightest feeling for the cause is felt. Let an effort of this kind follow every Anti-Slavery lecture.

The hostility of the cities in Massachusetts towards the cause, is less than ever before. There will be more purchasers at the Bazaar: it is the responsibility of the Abolitionists to see to it that there are more goods. ☞ Nothing, either useful or ornamental, fit either for food or clothing, can come amiss. Children's toys, needle books, handsome Bags and Pin-cushions will be sure of a sale.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847 8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals, of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root*, of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of lying on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into

Poetry.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: Methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eye'd our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd and said it was a blessed place,
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear,
Long-listening to the viewless skylark's note,
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing,) in whisper'd tones
I 've said to the beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness—
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd
And the heart listens."

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount,
I climb'd, with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,
Oh, what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields:
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city spire;
The channel there, the island, and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean.
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple; the whole world
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference.
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury—to be!
Ah, quiet dell! dear cot and mount sublime!
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the trusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth;
And he, that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence,
Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,
The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies:
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.
Yet oft, when, after honourable toil,
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot!
Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
Ah—had none greater, and that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet
Speed it, O father! Let thy kingdom come!

THE WELCOME.

A gem from Davis's Irish Ballads.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, do n't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the Summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a Knight without armour.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars shine above me,
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We 'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy.
We 'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O! she 'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

So, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I 'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, do n't sever!"

THE GIPSY CHILD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

He sprung to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent;
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands,
That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands,
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born heir;
But the mother wept, and the father smiled,
With heartfelt joy o'er the Gipsy Child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward;
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him I ween;
But fragments are spread, and the wood-fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the Gipsy Child.

He wanders at large, while the maidens admire
His raven hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
With the deep carnation flushing through;
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
All pure and white as their own pearl-wreath;
And the courtly dame and damsel mild,
Will turn to gaze on the Gipsy Child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song,
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl,
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
His dower is scant, and his life is wild,
But kings might envy the Gipsy Child.

Miscellany.

THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY.

We make from the sermon of the Rev. Wm. H. Channing, at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Newburyport, the following extract. A pamphlet containing the sermon, the Right Hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. James F. Clark, and the Charge by the Rev. T. T. Stone, is published by Crosby and Nichols, Boston:

What a bright and beautiful sisterhood are the *Reforms*, a band of angels gladdening the earth? One current of life runs through the whole, and each reciprocates the aid which all diffuse. First stands the Anti-Slavery movement, combining in one view of justice the extremes of existence, asserting man's godlike capacity as a spirit, and demanding his rights in the lowest material sphere. Then comes Prison-Discipline, recognizing in the basest criminal a child of God, and resolved that men shall not be caged like wild beasts, but that they shall be protected by kindly influences, and taught self-respect and regard for their fellows. Then the intemperate and licentious, among whom criminals are bred, must be purified from coarse indulgence, and redeemed by pure excitements. Then poverty, the desolate Campagna of civilization, whence steams the miasm of numberless temptations, is to be drained, and cultivated, and opened to the sun. Next, the outcast and bereaved of every grade, the sick, the deaf, the blind, the insane, find appropriate collective homes welcoming them to solace, to occupation, and society. And, finally, Peace, with spotless robe, and crowned and sceptred with the emblems of God's regency, summons the nations to trust and to practice the heavenly law of love. We walk so amidst the light of this day-spring of charity that we are scarcely conscious of its glory, as we wake to the labours and joys of the morning without remembering the sun. But it is within this generation that the thought of Universal Brotherhood, which once seemed the dream of an enthusiast, has become an active presence among the toil-worn masses. How this divine sentiment of Humanity envelops modern communities, and penetrates everywhere, like the softening breezes of a coming summer, till frost-bound conventionalities and castes relax! But is there no cloud upon the firmament of reform? Who is ignorant that the position of a professed reformer is abnormal, that it generates self-will, hardness, fanaticism, and dissipates in the general atmosphere the heat which Heaven designed to foster the charities of home? Who so much as the experienced reformer feels the need of permanent social ties, and, above all, of renewals of life from Him, whose fullness is not exhausted but enriched by universal benevolence? But this is not all. The reforms, singly and collectively, acknowledge that returns are not equivalent to expenditure. And the reason is obvious. Statistics of criminal legislation and of humane enterprises conspire to prove that men sink under temptation, because their higher and lower natures are not proportionately developed. The labourer is the serf of his more intelligent fellow, because untrained in judgment, and uninformed. Unequal degrees of refinement and culture unfit brethren for cordial intercourse. Hence it becomes plain, that the work of wise benevolence is rather to form men than to reform them We must begin with the young.

Observe, now, how *Educational Plans* come in to fulfil this desire of raising every human being to his full stature, of calling out his powers of usefulness, and enabling him to accomplish his destiny.—The fundamental right of every spirit is the means of growth; and the condition of successful progress through life is early, harmonious development.—How this luminous thought is awakening the most conservative classes of Germany, France, England! And is not the healthiest institution of this republic its common schools? Nothing can check the movement, which now, through the press, the lecture-room, legislative halls, and pulpits, responds to the demand of the people for universal education. It is recognized that culture is a main branch of social economy, and that the glory of a State is the greatness of its men. Kings, nobles, prelates, admit that the best security against revolutions is the wisdom and virtue of the body of citizens. Public opinion and common sense are found to be surer safeguards than penitentiaries and bayonets. And, more than all, there is an increasing disposition to revere genius as a priceless gift, not only to individuals but to nations,—a gift to be cherished, not buried and squandered. There is no misinterpreting these auspicious omens. They are an assurance that the time has come, when God's design, in this magnificent University, wherein he invites us to acquaintance with the mysteries of his wisdom, shall be fulfilled; and the rapid transmission of intelligence is fast interlinking mankind into one world-wide Academy of Science. But, in proportion as the private claim and the public need of Integral Education command respect, does discontent augment at the fragmentary culture now secured even for the privileged. There is no possibility, under existing conditions, of educing man's powers in symmetric vigour. Practice and theory are partitioned from each other; memory and judgment work apart; the body pines while the mind is crammed. Worse yet, the head and the heart, which God joined in indissoluble marriage, are rudely divorced, producing mutual barrenness; and the social atmosphere of schools, while stimulating intellect to precocious activity, leaves the affections to wilt and run to waste or seek a monstrous growth. Last and worst, sectarian jealousies, ecclesiastical controversies, theological sophistries, enforce the exclusion of religion from the school-room and from books of instruction. Thus childhood, in its most impressible season, is robbed of the central motive of human conduct, and the young student is practically taught that life is a selfish scramble, nature a machine, and earth and man's history the football of fate.

The desire to hallow both these movements, the shame and emulation excited by their zeal, and the stirring of the common spirit of Humanity with the Church itself, suggest and prompt the *Religious Charities*. The clergy may no longer be merely scholastics, commentators, metaphysicians, theologians; and even pastoral visitations, with earnest sympathy and wise counsel, spiritual overseership and moralizing gossip, will not suffice to meet the demands of the time upon the energy. Nothing less than unreserved enlistment in the grand co-operative army of reform will substantiate their title to respect. But the laity feel too that charitable works are not left to deacons alone, and men and women, young and old, fashionable and lowly, vie with one another in hunting up objects of mercy through the lanes and suburbs of our over-peopled cities, and the lonely waste places of scattered hamlets. The Church announces herself to be *The* Reform Society, uniting in one all benevolent enterprises. The Sunday School makes the still streets of Sabbath mornings beautiful with its bright-eyed troops of youthful pilgrims to the holy land; the Bible distributer establishes the precious volume in every house, and ship, and steamboat; laden colporteurs toil over mountains and through the unbroken solitudes of forest and prairie, scattering seeds from the tree of life; and far away, on sandy deserts and tangled jungles, on snowy wildernesses of the pole and coral islands of the tropics, the missionary plants his altar and calls on men of all kindreds and nations to worship, with every rising sun, the One and Universal Source of good. Most cheering is the sight of this host without number, marshalled beneath the white banner of the Prince of Peace. But why does the missionary die of despair, after years of fruitless effort to purify the desolating abominations of idolatry? Is it not because the very ship that bore him and his Bibles carried opium, and rum, and muskets in its hold; because the very flag that waves over his mission-house drips with the blood of conquest, and the very language in which he declares God's truth is symbolic to simple savages of fraud? And why is Christendom, which pretends to sanctify the heathen while sowing broadcast its own sins, thus hypocritical? Is it not because each Christian society, in place of being a holy brotherhood, is a congregation of worldly Ishmaelites, neighbours looking upon neighbours, as they loll in the carpeted and cushioned pews of costly cathedrals, as rivals in trade, in preferment, in fashion? The minister at large bestows his prodigal sympathy upon the wretched with an aching consciousness that his humble friend is too cold and hungry and weary and heart-broken to heed his spiritual counsel; he walks home amid blocks of elegant mansions, where are lapped in effeminating luxury the children of the wealthy whose charities he dispenses; and a nightmare of perplexity seizes upon him at thought of the hideous inequalities every where tolerated, among the fellow-disciples of the Master who had not where to lay his head. Ah! Christendom needs Christianizing at the core.

Again I ask, have I been describing facts? Is the indefatigable Philanthropy of the age thus tantalized with a hope of humanity, which always eludes it? Is the fountain of mercy, that welcomes life's weary caravan to drink, only a cheating mirage on the burning plains of selfish lusts? Reforms, Education, Religious Charities, strive in vain to fulfill each other. It is the prevention of evil, not the pity of it, that we need. What folly to seek alleviation by opiates for a disease that covers the surface, and penetrates to the quick! Men do not live like brethren in the lower relations of life, and it merely adds insult to outrage, then, to sentimentalize about brotherly kindness in the highest relations. If we do not know how to be equitable in what is least important, we certainly shall be partial and inconsiderate in every nobler sphere of intercourse. The fatal plague that sickens all, is selfishness; and every deed of industry, of traffic, of expenditure, only disseminates by exchange the germs of the malady. In a word, what we want is not so-called "charity," but *justice* to the manhood of every human being, a justice which from birth to death shall insure a full development of the whole nature, a free sphere for generous activity, and a rightful position among peers.

From the New-York Mirror.

ANOTHER LETER FROM MR. PINTO.

We are happy to present the following interesting letter to our readers, which we received by the last arrival from our highly valued correspondent. It will serve as an answer to the many anxious inquiries that have been addressed us from different parts of the country, respecting Mr. Pinto's present whereabout. He is still in Italy, where he upholds the honour of his country under all circumstances with the same noble feeling of patriotism, which he has displayed since he went abroad.—ED. MIRROR.

ROME, Oct. 1, 1847.

MY DEAR F.—A former correspondent of the Mirror gave you his first impression of Rome, and a pretty good description of some of the ruins which are to be seen here, but I shall not take the trouble to do anything of the sort; I send you a half dozen of volumes in which you will find everything set down that is worth knowing respecting the decayed part of the eternal city; and if you should think your readers are in want of any information on such subjects, you can occasionally give them a page or two of authentic details. As to the present population of Rome, I think that New-Yorkers must be tolerably familiar with their personal appearance, for every American artist that comes here sends home a dozen or two of portraits of the beggars in the character of Apostles, or Virgin Maries. A sturdy old fellow who blacks my boots, tells me that he has been painted twenty-eight times in the character of Saint Paul, thirteen times as Joseph, nine times as Saint Peter, he cannot remember how many times as the "Roman Father," and as "the Head of an Old Man," at least a thousand times. One would think that from assuming these pious characters so often, he would have attained to uncommon sanctity, but he is, in truth, the greatest rogue in Italy. When I accused him of his roguëries, and told him what a scandal it was that a man who personated so many saints should be so little like them, he had the impudence to say to me: "why not Signor? How can I afford to be honest when I only get ten cents an hour for sitting as a saint. If I got as good pay as the Padres do for acting the saint, I could afford to be as good as they are, and that would be nothing to boast of Signor. I think I am a very good saint for the pay."

The rascal prides himself a good deal on being sent so often to America, and the other day he told me that he believed there was not a gentleman's parlour in my country in which he or one of his family was not hung up in a gilt frame. He said to me yesterday, "my son and daughter have just been sent to America again, one as "*a Peasant Boy of the Campagna*," and the daughter as "*a Roman Lady*." Having detected him that week in an attempt to secrete one of my pocket handkerchiefs, to show his contrition, he said he and his daughter, (who is quite as great a thief as her father) would sit to one of my artist-countrymen, for a holy family, If I would promise not to expose him." "A precious pair you are, to-be-sure, for a holy family said I. "Why, Signor," said the rogue, "my religious expression is worth two cents an hour more than that of any man in Rome; and as for my daughter she is a most excellent Virgin, and if her little boy had not had his face marked with that rascally small-pox, she would have commanded two scudi an hour more than any jade in all Italy."

But such trifles as these are hardly worth sending all the way from Rome to New-York. You will be better pleased to learn something about the Pope, who is the only object now in Rome worth a moment's consideration. I have already informed you that his Holiness had invited me to dine with him at the Vatican: the day on which I was to realize this great honour happened to be the festival of Saint Onofrio, the Egyptian; and as there was to be some public rejoicings in the evening, it was necessary that the Pope should be free from any engagements before the illuminations commenced, because he was to bless the candles; therefore I was instructed to be in readiness at an early hour in the afternoon. It was just half-past two when the scarlet-wheeled carriage of Cardinal Gizzi stopped at my palazza; the Cardinal had gone to the Vatican some hours before, he having some private business to transact with the Pope; so I had to ride alone to the papal residence—and I must acknowledge that I felt somewhat flurried at the thought of dining with such a host—and the thought occurred to me, as I am prone to make mal-apropos speeches, that, if there should happen to be a roast goose on the table, I should infallibly ask for the Pope's nose; and then a far more disagreeable thought occurred to me. The chances were ten to one that I should be poisoned, for I knew that the Austrians, the Neapolitan minister, the representative of the Duke of Lucca, and the ambassador from the King of Sardinia, had all threatened to take the life of the Pope, and that there had been repeated attempts to poison his food. I might have saved myself any fears on this score, for there was nothing on the dinner-rable but boiled eggs and a pitcher of clear water. I had to pass through several long galleries in the Vatican, which were lined with Swiss soldiers, before I reached the private apartments of the Pohtiff. I found him in a small octagon saloon, which was furnished very simply, and without any pictures, although the walls were painted in fresco by Andrea del Sarto, the subject being some rather equivocal story from the pagan mythology, executed by order of Cæsar Borgia when his father occupied the papal chair. The only person with his Holiness was the Cardinals Gizzi and Lambruschini. The latter whispered in my ear, when I entered, "Remember, when Pius comes into his private rooms, he leaves his Holiness at the door." I understood this as a hint not to address him by that dignified title; and not knowing exactly what to say, I called him Mr. Pius; but I observed afterwards that the Cardinals called him Papa—so I corrected my mistake, and did the same. He received me with great cordiality; and, soon after I entered, we sat down to dinner. The plainness of the repast surprised me, for I had anticipated some Roman Punch at the very least. However, I did not forget that I was in Rome, and of course I expected to do as Romans do. But when Pius remarked that the dinner was a plain one, I could not help replying, "that in my own country, I thanked Heaven, that under our glorious institutions, freedom of speech and conscience were enjoyed by every member of the community, and that there a man might be virtuously great, without being in danger of eating poison with his food."

Pius looked a little surprised at this remark, and turning to Cardinal Lambruschini he said, "my son, how shamefully I have been imposed upon by travellers from America, who have told me stories about the Bostonians setting fire to a convent of poor nuns, and destroying their property and perilling their precious lives on account of their religious faith." The Cardinal merely shrugged his shoulders and said, *non mi ricordo;* I fear out of politeness to me; for I think he must have noticed the scarlet blushes in my face; but as I have adopted for my motto that noble sentiment of my brave countryman, "my country, may she always be right; but, right or wrong, my country," I was n't going to acknowledge the guilt of the Bostonians, for the truth is, I had an uncle engaged in that business of setting fire to that convent, and I think he was not far from right either. Therefore I did not seem to take any notice of this observation of the Pope, who, I began to see, was a good deal of a humbug after all, and I thought I would let him know that I could see about as far into a mill-stone as most people of my age, so I said to him, "How does it happen, Pius, that you do not at once give entire freedom to the people of your Government, and put them on a level with my countrymen, who live under our glorious institutions. What is the good of dilly-dallying with the poor devils, yielding a little to them to-day, a little to-morrow, and so on? Make them free at once, and give them a Constitution, like ours."

"My son," he replied, "my will is good to do so, but policy forbids. My people are not yet prepared for the degree of liberty which you ask for them.—They must be prepared for it before it can be safely given to them."

"Prepared for it!" I exclaimed. "Why, did ever any rational being talk so absurdly before.—Prepare a man for freedom by keeping him in bondage! well, that is decidedly original. For my part, Pius, I think a man is prepared for the enjoyment of freedom the moment that he has the capacity to desire it."

"And are you all so perfectly free in your country?" said he.

"As free as the air we breathe!" I replied, exultingly.

"How I have been imposed upon," said his Holiness, turning again to Lambruschini, "they told me that you had three millions of slaves in the United States."

"So we have," said I. And I repeated to myself those beautiful lines of the Wizzard of the North,

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

"What, do they live under those glorious institutions you have apostrophized so often?" said he.

"Of course they do," said I, proudly.

"Why do you not make them free," said his Holiness, winking to Cardinal Gizzi. I noticed it, and replied indignantly.

"Because they are a set of lazy, ignorant rascals, who would 'nt know what to do with themselves if they were freed."

"O, ho!" said the Pope, "then of course they never show any desire for freedom by running away from their masters, because if people are fit for liberty when they have the capacity to desire it you would give it to them."

It was very evident what sort of people these Italians are, and I saw exactly what the meaning of liberality is when applied to a Pope of Rome; they have about as correct a notion of true liberty as they have of true religion. I had no idea of hearing my country reviled by a Pope of Rome, who has had his mind poisoned by English Abolitionists; so I looked at my watch, and remarking that I had an engagement to go and see the Coliseum by moonlight with some country women of mine who had come to Rome for that purpose, I bade the Pope and his two Cardinals a haughty farewell, determined never again to darken the doors of such a humbug. The next day I received a note from Cardinal Lambruschini, which you shall know more about in my next. Truly yours,

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JOHN GASPARD LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

It was a practice with Lavater to read, every morning, several chapters of the Bible, and select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! How difficult to make a choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day.

"Give to him that asketh of thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood? said his wife.

"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of the turn not thou away," are the words of Him to whom all and everything belongs that I possess," rejoined Lavater. "I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him that would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I had two coats, I must give one to him that has none; and if I had food I must share with him who is an hungered and in want. This I must do without being asked. How much more then when asked?"

This, continued Lavater in his diary, appeared to be so evidently and incontrovertibly the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth. My wife made no further reply, than that she would take these things to heart. I had scarcely left the dining-room, a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak with me, and she was shown into my study.

"Forgive me, dear Sir," she said, "excuse the liberty I am about to take. I am really ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars. I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny that I could save, I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are yet wanting, and to-morrow is term-day." Here she opened a parcel, which she held in her hand, and said: "This is a book, with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay it. But, dear Sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said, and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, said I to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty—she requires six—besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relative, who could give you this trifle?"

"No, not a soul! I am ashamed to go from house to house; I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness; if, however, you cannot assist me, you at least will forgive my intrusion, and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixty-sixth year!"

At this moment, the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed. Gladly would I have sent her away, for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." She came up to me, and said with much sweetness,—

"This is a good old woman. She has certainly been ill of late. Assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said, in a whisper, "and she requires six. I'll give her a trifle in the hand and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm, and smiling in my face, my wife said aloud what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied, with some little vexation, "Would you give your ring for the purpose?"

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The poor widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife,

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"Certainly. How can you doubt it?" she said. "Do you think I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said half an hour ago. Oh! my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel. You are, in general, so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you now find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? And did you not know there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?" She then added, with much feeling, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

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"Mr. Coleridge related to me a rather ludicrous circumstance concerning George Dyer, which Charles Lamb had told him the last time he passed through London. Charles Lamb had heard that George Dyer was very ill, and hastened to see him. He found him in an emaciated state, shivering over a few embers. 'Ah!' said George, as Lamb entered, 'I am glad to see you. You won't have me here long. I have just written this letter to my young nephews and nieces to come immediately and take final leave of their uncle.' Lamb found on inquiry, that he had latterly been living on water gruel, and a low starving diet, and readily divined the cause of his maladies. 'Come,' said Lamb, 'I shall take you home immediately to my house, and I and my sister will nurse you.' 'Ah!' said George Dyer, 'it won't do.' The hackney coach was soon at the door, and, as the sick man entered it, he said to Lamb, 'After the address, and then send the letter with all speed to the poor children.' 'I will,' said Lamb, 'and at the same time call the doctor.'

"George Dyer was now seated by Charles Lamb's comfortable fire, while Lamb hastened to his medical friend and told him that a worthy man was at his house who had almost starved himself on water gruel. 'You must come,' said he, 'directly, and prescribe some kitchen stuff, or the poor man will be dead. He won't take anything from me; he says, it is all useless.' Away both the philanthropists hastened, and Charles Lamb, anticipating what would be required, furnished himself on the road, with a pound of beefsteaks. The doctor now entered the room, and advancing toward his patient, felt his pulse and asked him a few questions; when, looking grave, he said, 'Sir, you are in a very dangerous way.' 'I know it, Sir, I know it Sir,' said George Dyer. The doctor replied, 'Sir, yours is a very peculiar case, and if you do not implicitly follow my directions, you will die of atrophy before to-morrow morning. It is the only possible chance of saving your life. You must directly make a good meal of beefsteaks, and drink the best part of a pot of porter.' ''Tis too late,' said George, 'but I 'll eat, I 'll eat.' The doctor now withdrew, and so nicely had Lamb calculated on results, that the steaks were all this time broiling on the fire! and, as though by magic, the doctor had scarcely left the room, when the steaks and the porter were both on the table.

"Just as George Dyer had begun voraciously to feast on the steaks, his young nephews and neices entered the room, crying. 'Good bye, my dears,' said George, taking a deep draught at the porter.—'You won't see me much longer.' After a few mouthfuls of the savory steak, he further said, 'be good children, when I am gone.' Taking another draught of the porter, he continued, 'mind your books, and dont forget your hymns.' We won't,' answered a little shrill silvery voice, from among the group 'we won't, dear uncle.' He now gave them all a parting kiss; when the children retired in a state of wonderment, that 'sick Uncle' should be able to eat and drink so heartily. 'And so,' said Lamb, in his own peculiar phraseology, 'at night, I packed up his little nipped carcase snug in bed, and after stuffing him for a week, sent him home as plump as a partridge."—*Re